

The Academy

and Literature.

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The Literary Week.

THE first number of a Review bearing the title *The Oxford Point of View* will be published early next month under the direction of certain undergraduate members of the University of Oxford. Its chief object will be to reflect the present attitude of "those that are coming after" towards literature and art, politics and religion, sport and the drama. Six numbers will be issued in the course of the year, two of which will appear each term.

WE have received the prospectus of The Celtic-Cornish Society. All Cornish people, people of Cornish blood, and Celts of other countries, are eligible for membership. The Society seeks—

I. To preserve from damage and destruction and to study the stone circles, cromlechs, menhirs, hut-circles, beehive dwellings, camps, hill forts, castles, logan and crick stones, crosses, oratories, holy wells, cemeteries, barrows, and inscribed stones.

II. To keep carefully every National Custom, and above all the truly Cornish sports of Wrestling and Hurling, by presenting every year a Belt to be contended for by Cornish wrestlers, and inscribed silver Hurling balls to each Parish in the Duchy that will ordain an annual Hurling Match on its Feast Day.

III. To revive the Cornish Language as a spoken tongue, by publishing a Grammar and Dictionary of the Language, by printing all Cornish manuscripts not yet printed, by giving prizes for fresh compositions in Cornish,

by paying a premium for teaching Cornish to Schoolmasters able to satisfy the Council of their fitness, and also by reviving the ancient Cornish Miracle Plays, and re-establishing the Cornish Gorsedh of the bards at Boscawen-On.

The Critic of New York again prints several lists of the books most in demand at the circulating libraries of America, during the past month. Mr. Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way* is the most popular novel. The librarian of the Public Library at Toronto has supplied the following list:—

Caroline, Queen Consort of George II. Wilkins.
The Birds of Siberia. Seeböhm.
The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon. Gallup.
The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen. O'Brien.
The Growth of the Empire. Jose.
Lady Sarah Lennox. Stavordale.
Confessions of a Caricaturist. Furniss.
Robespierre: A Study. Beloe.
Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends. Hill.
Reminiscences of a Long Life. Killen.
The Velvet Glove. Merriman.
A Modern Antæus.

In many quarters there is great expectation toward the biography of Dr. Martineau. We learn from the *Bookman* that the setting up of the work has been entrusted to the American publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Co., and has already been begun. When completed, a set of plates will be sent to this country. The work will be published in two volumes by Mr. Nisbet in the autumn. The first volume, which will contain Dr. Martineau's theological correspondence, will be written by Principal Drummond, and the section dealing with his philosophy by Professor Upton. Both volumes will be of very considerable length. This is necessary in dealing with a life of ninety-five years and almost ceaseless labour. It is proposed to include four photogravure portraits, and possibly an additional volume of correspondence will be issued later on.

Mr. W. H. HUDSON prints the following dedication to his collection of stories called *El Ombú*:—

TO MY FRIEND

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

("Singularísimo escritor inglés")

Who has lived with and knows (even to the marrow as they would themselves say) the horsemen of the Pampas, and who alone of European writers has rendered something of the vanishing colour of that remote life.

MR. BAILEY SAUNDERS will publish immediately, through Messrs. Williams & Norgate, a reply to some recent criticisms on Professor Harnack's *What is Christianity?* It will be entitled *Professor Harnack and his Oxford Critics*,

Parts of it were delivered lately as a lecture to the Socratic Society of the University of Birmingham.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK announce the early issue of Volume III. (L to P), the penultimate volume of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. In deference to many applications from persons who have not hitherto found the work within their reach, the publishers have arranged to commence an issue in sixteen consecutive monthly parts, price 5s. each.

MR. ABBOTT, late Corporal, First Australian Horse, has just published under the title *Tommy Cornstalk*, some account of the less notable features of the campaign from the point of view of the Australian ranks. The narrative is preceded by a poem called "The Song of the Dead." Here are the first two stanzas:—

Oh, Land of Ours, hear the song we make for you—
Land of yellow wattle bloom, land of smiling Spring—
Hearken to the after words, land of pleasant memories,
Shen-oaks of the shady creeks, hear the song we sing.
For we lie quietly, underneath the stony kops,
Where the Veldt is silent, where the guns have ceased
to boom.
Here we are waiting, and shall wait to Eternity—
Here on the battle-fields, where we have found our doom.
Spare not thy pity—Life is strong and fair for you—
City by the waterside, homestead on the plain.
Keep ye remembrance, keep ye a place for us—
So all the bitterness of dying be not vain.
Oh, be ye mindful, mindful of our honour's name;
Oh, be ye careful of the word ye speak in jest—
For we have bled for you; for we have died for you—
Yea, we have given, we have given of our best.

We long ago came to the conclusion that Omar must be always with us, and now regard our effort of some months past to keep his name out of the ACADEMY for several consecutive weeks as a piece of amiable Quixotism. The latest translator of the Quatrains is Prof. York Powell, whose version appeared in the *Pageant* of 1897. His reason for publishing them in volume form now is frankly stated as follows:—

They have been impudently misprinted by a pirate in the United States, where the laws as yet permit such dishonest and uncivil dealings. They are now reprinted because, as they have been circulated widely in an incorrect form, they may as well appear in their own shape.

Prof. York Powell's view of Omar differs very materially from that of the many readers who have taken him as an intellectual narcotic:

He is a plain, downright man, and his "message" is only a friendly whisper to them that care to sit near him, bidding them trust to the real and front life squarely. So I read Omar, ranging him as to his standpoint with Shakespeare and those who take the same kindly half-ironic dutiful view of life. Rabelais and Whitman are of the company.

AND, again, Prof. Powell is careful to distinguish Omar's position from that of men whose likeness to him was only superficial:—

Those also who would make of Omar a *Sufi*, such as Jilal-ad-din, or a Hedonist, such as Rochester, are as much at fault as those who would make of Rabelais a crusader or a drunkard. Omar had gone beyond empty phrases and passed the marshy rock of mysticism by; he lived far above the haunts of the mere hog-philosophy. His palate was too keen, his senses too exquisite, his brain too healthy and active to allow him to find complete satisfaction in animal pleasures only. These same animal

pleasures he does not by any means despise. They are natural, to be enjoyed and fully enjoyed in their seasons, but there are others. Even Mr. Wilkes (a true epicure) leashed together the pleasure of generosity, delight in the contemplation of nature, and the love of woman, as combining to his highest enjoyment. And for Omar the Persian there were many gratifications, and among them those that thrill, and rightly, the bodily senses. He was no despiser of the common joys of mankind, he acknowledged their blessedness. For him, as for Blake, Earth was a beautiful place; like brother Martin, he loved wine and song and woman.

A WRITER in the *Author* has been discussing the difficult question of copyright in the titles of books and of the value of titles themselves. As regards copyright in titles, the general legal view appears to be that such a thing does not exist, so that the whole matter really resolves itself into a question of good taste on the part of the author. The question of titles as an indication of the contents of a book is almost equally difficult. The *Author's* contributor says: "Titles are sometimes hopelessly deceptive," and proceeds to tell a story of the head of a "scholastic establishment," who imagined *Cometh up as a Flower* to be a work on botany. For such literal-mindedness as this we fear there is no hope, but there is something in the contention that the title of a novel should suggest its general bearing. The difficulties, however, are obvious, and certainly many of the best novels tell nothing on their covers. A novelist of our acquaintance, whom we congratulated the other day on his decorative and distinctive, if rather precious, titles, surprised us by saying that all his titles had been suggested by his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts. After all, the best title in the world cannot do much; even *Vanity Fair* might easily suggest different ideas to people who had not read the book.

We did not allow ourselves space last week to draw attention to many interesting things in Sir Walter Besant's autobiography. One of these is the fact that he did not become wholly dependent on literature for a living until he was fifty. The secretaryship of the Palestine Exploration Fund had been for nearly twenty years his stand-by, yielding him £300 a year. But long before he gave it up he was earning another £200 a year by writing, which he did not only in his out-of-office hours, but in the office itself when this was possible. He says: "I would urge upon everybody who proposes to make a bid for literary success to do so with some backing—a mastership in a school, a Civil Service clerkship, a post as secretary to some institution or society; anything, anything rather than dependence on the pen, and the pen alone."

WHILE climbing the literary ladder this is how Sir Walter Besant lived:—

I was unmarried. I lived in chambers, and I still kept my secretaryship. It is really astonishing how well one can live as a bachelor on quite a small income. My rent was £40 a year; my landlady, washing, coals, lights, and breakfast cost me about £70 a year. My dinners—it is a great mistake not to feed well—cost me about thirty shillings a week. Altogether I could live very well indeed on about £250 a year. Practically I spent more, because I travelled whenever I could get away, and bought books, and was fond of good claret. The great thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent: not to worry about money, and not to be compelled to do post-boiling. I could afford to be anxious about the work and not to be anxious at all about money.

These statements are interesting, but we fear they bear a very superior relation to what is possible to the average young literary struggle-for-liver of the day. On the other

Reviews.

The Old Suburban Courtier.

The Old Court Suburb. By J. H. Leigh Hunt. Edited by Austin Dobson. Illustrated by Herbert Railton, C. A. Shepperson, and E. J. Sullivan. 2 vols. (Freemantle. 42s. net.)

LEIGH HUNT's angelic optimism is often a little tiresome. Keats said it did him positive injury by its eternal prettyfying of fine things, and he might have added its eternal prettyfying of common things. In numberless pages in his essays Hunt wearies by his egotistical gambols, and induces sleep by his hypnotic wakefulness of fancy. Yet, taken in the right dose, he is a charming person; and as a kind of fluting, feminine accompaniment to the deeper notes of bigger men Leigh Hunt's writings will always attract. The persistence of his happiness delights before it wearies. When he went into Horsemonger Gaol—his home for two years—he set about making himself comfortable with the enthusiasm of a young man taking lodgings in Bloomsbury. Given a cold ward in the prison infirmary all to himself, he turned it into a "noble room." The horrid window-bars he concealed behind venetian blinds, and when his bookcases with their surmounting busts, and his pianoforte with its vase of flowers, had been set up, he thought there was not a handsomer apartment on that side of the water. Charles Lamb thought there was no such room outside of a fairy tale. And he had a garden in the Gaol, and in the garden an apple tree, from which he obtained an apple pudding in the second year of his confinement. He read and dreamed under an awning while free men trod the pavements of the Borough oppressed by realities. "I used to shut my eyes in an arm-chair," he says, "and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off." When his friends called—Lamb, Hazlitt, Moore, and Byron were among them—there was as much scraping and bowing and ceremonious lingering on the threshold as if Hunt were receiving them in his villa. The venerable Jeremy Bentham found the libeller of the Regent playing at battledore, and at once he joined in the game and suggested improvements in the construction of shuttlecocks. And that is still the way to enjoy Hunt. Surprise him at battledore, share his gambols for an hour, and go smiling.

This advice is especially urgent when Hunt is writing about shop windows or walking sticks, or the pleasure of doing nothing, in the first person plural. A longer stay is agreeable when he is tasting his favourite books, or has facts to deal with or some sort of organised narrative to evolve. His book, *The Town*, is good companionship for half a day. *The Old Court Suburb* is of airier texture, and may be pronounced a delightful book to take up in a quiet half hour. Perhaps even half an hour might seem rather squandered on Hunt's rhapsodical interpretation of Tickell's chintzy mythological poem on Kensington Gardens. Yet to skip it is to number yourself (such was Hunt's foresight of your mood) with these "semi-utilitarian readers who do not know what crowning use there is in uselessness."

But the *Old Court Suburb* is far from being a riot of paper roses. With his books around him in his cottage at Hammersmith (he had terminated his eleven years' residence in Edwardes Square in Kensington, when he began these annals), and with his son Percy to run literary errands to the libraries, the septuagenarian optimist went steadily and gracefully through the anecdotal histories of Gore House, Kensington House, the High Street, Holland House, and Kensington Palace and Gardens. These gave Hunt the range of all that was most elegant and witty in the society of four reigns. Crowd succeeds crowd throughout half a Georgian century. First came

the Kit-Cat lot with Lady Mary Wortly Montagu and all that brilliant crowd which Gay assembled in his welcome to Pope on his return from Greece. Then the Bellendens and the Lepells and the Blounts, and such ageing wits as Prior and Congreve and Steele, until new wits like Horace Walpole and Selwyn, and new beauties like the Gunnings and Miss Chudleigh came like the returning tide. All these and their wigs and bows and lappets and hoods and sacks and beauty spots are marshalled very deftly by Hunt, and if you will read dreamily you will read pleasantly. You may even be brought to see with him that the great glory of the whole period of these Kensington promenades was the hoop. "Imagine a squadron of them—a dozen sail of the line (of beauty)—headed by Admiral the Lady Mary or my Lady Hervey, supported by Captains Mrs. Hewet and Mrs. Murray or Commanders the Demoiselles Bellenden and Lepell. They are all coming up the great high roadstead of Kensington Gardens, between Bayswater and the town; the gentleman-beholders dying by hundreds in their swords and perriwigs, with their hats under their arms; and the ladies who have not been to Court that day, feeling envious of the slaughter."

All of which, however, is essentially elegant extract and allusive aggregation of the good things in many books, best enjoyed where Hunt himself found them. But we have not all of us time to read Walpole's Letters, the Suffolk Correspondence, or the voluminous annals of Holland House. In Hunt's pages it all palpitates warmly, like the air on a little lawn with roses filling the distance. One could wish for more personal observation, and particularly for more of the everyday Kensington of 1840-1850 that Hunt knew so well. We miss—there is no need to conceal it—the first-hand pictures which Hunt gives us in his Autobiography of his London homes and haunts, as, for instance, his cottage in the New Road, where Byron came to lounge, and to ride on Hunt's little boy's rocking horse while Lady Byron went on in her carriage to buy flowers in Henderson's nursery ground; or his small house in Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, described by Carlyle as—

Nondescript! Unutterable!

—where, however, Hunt "receives you in his Tinkerdom in the spirit of a king." We would give pages and pages of Hunt's ribbon-counter literature for his description of the old street-seller who filled Upper Cheyne Row with "the truly pleasing melody" of his cry, "Shrimps as large as prawns;" or to hear him say such a thing as that when he was a boy Mile End seemed so remote a point of London that "Measurement itself terminated at the spot; what there was beyond it I did not conjecture."

But why do we interpose our whims? It is nearer to our duty to say that Leigh Hunt would have been delighted with these volumes. His long thin hand would have caressed their satin and gold covers with pleasure. He would have drawn their white silk bookmarks through his fingers as he turned from picture to picture, amazed by the delicacy of Mr. Railton's drawings of the beautiful old halls and houses of the Court Suburb with their flagged pathways, their pitted urns, and sunny statue-peopled lawns. Perhaps the artist's method of suggesting foliage—like the shapes of water thrown from a cup—had been too advanced for his eye, as indeed sometimes for ours; and he would doubtless prefer, as a drawing, Mr. Railton's pen-and-ink sketch of his old brick house in Edwardes Square, with its railings and garden path and fan-light over the door, to the beautifully engraved chaos of shade, faintly punctuated with a chair, which is labelled "Rogers' Alcove." Here, indeed, even a banker-past might annihilate all that's made to a green thought. Mr. Shepperson's portrait group of D'Ora and his friends in Kensington Gardens is an

admirable thing, and so is Mr. Edward J. Sullivan's interior showing us Dr. Dibdin and his friends growing "very merry over old books . . . and what they persuaded themselves was old wine." There are more than a hundred such illustrations dwelling together in unity in these beautiful volumes.

Mr. Austin Dobson—how could it be otherwise?—does the introductory honours, and with his happy choice of words bids us think of Leigh Hunt in his age as "still the old sensitive, luminous-eyed Leigh Hunt of the wide collar and floating 'printed night-gown,' delighted with a flower or a bird or a butterfly, ready to die for a principle, or to scream out at a shower." The notes which Mr. Dobson has written for each chapter complete an edition of *The Old Court Suburb* which ought to be a compulsory present to every Kensington bride.

A Gentleman of Parts.

Diversions of a Country Gentleman. By George Douglas, Bart. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.)

AT the opening of the last chapter in his book, Sir George Douglas sets forth an interesting theory. "Throughout the Border country of Scotland," he says, "every valley has its lore." If you visit a friend there, or call a halt at a shepherd's cottage, or "foregather" with a chance acquaintance by the way, you will "find that the love of a story is in these people's blood—more so, I think, than in that of others. I base my theory on the fact that they have produced the greatest of story-tellers; for it is by this name, as I think, rather than by that of the greatest of novelists, that Sir Walter Scott has won the right to be remembered." This doctrine is probably true. Nearly every part of Scotland has its own legends; but the Border-land, being the natural battleground of warlike tribes for many centuries, is peculiarly rich in romantic history. Besides, as may be seen even by the swift passer-by in the railway train, the very configuration of the region lends itself to ballad imaginings and the impulse to brave deeds. Where, if not in the recesses of these dark hills with their crests hidden by the clouds, should the cavalier Jacobite lurk? True, it was farther north, mainly in the glens of Perthshire and Inverness, that the Jacobite abounded; but there can be no doubt that the Border-land was a very fine place to fight in. It is also, as history and incidents of the present time show, a territory well adapted to meditation. The hills, though sombre at times, are, in a manner, pastoral; and the rivers, though full of salmon and sea-trout, gamest of fish, do not brawl. Even the mighty Tweed meanders placidly, suggesting gentle shepherds, love's young dream, and sonnets. Then, the region is not thickly peopled, and where the people are few many persons naturally have picturesque individualities. One such was Lady John Scott, who lived until quite recently, and will live for centuries in one of her poems, the inimitable "Annie Laurie," of which, for the decoration of our prose, a quatrain must be quoted.—

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.

Her ladyship was a Jacobite, and, at the peril of his peace, everyone in the countryside, from the dominie to the most youthful school-child, had to do homage to the memory of Prince Charles. We are slightly disappointed to learn, as we do from Sir George Douglas's pleasing memoir, that Lady John was also a Protestant. "In the Scriptures she affected the prophetic books, and among spiritual writings admired Boston's *Fourfold State* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*." She loved to dwell upon the thought of an angel coming down from heaven to crown the Man with the Muck-rake. All "innovations" in the church service, such as kneeling to pray and standing to

praise, she frowned upon; even she objected to hymns, as tending to supersede the psalms and paraphrases of the Kirk.

As the ACADEMY takes no side in the controverted questions of ecclesiasticism, we pass from the sweet old lady's Protestant tastes with a sigh on account of their incongruity in relation to her Jacobite sympathies, and with the reflection that, as Catholicism has long vanished from the Borders, the customs of the Kirk, Whiggish as they are, were at least less far removed from the Stuart tradition than those of the Free Church or those of the United Presbyterians would have been. As becomes a Border man, her biographer has a generous attitude towards poachers. To know all is to understand more than is forgiven by the unctuously erect. Sir George Douglas once went salmon-poaching himself. Therefore he casts no stones at our stronger brethren who regard hares and rabbits, moorfowl and partridges, and fish of the salmon-kind as gifts to man of a Providence that had no share in drafting the Land Laws. Indeed, he gives us at least one "wrinkle" which we shall hope to use when next time in our walks abroad we come upon a lake which seems to hold the promise of a big trout. Big trout usually will not rise at a fly, which most of us regard as the only fair sporting lure. How, then, are they to be taken? To take them is desirable: if left alone, they prey upon the small fish: with what are we to entice them? A minnow would do; but a minnow is not always to be found, and, besides, it means trolling from a boat, which might attract towards us the unwelcome attention of the game-keeper. The true device is to be constructed from a corked soda-water bottle, a yard of silk-worm gut, and a worm impaled upon a hook. Slip this gear into any lake where there are big trout, and by the time it has drifted to the lee side of the water a big fish will be added to it almost certainly. Of course, it is possible that a small trout will come on before a big one has the chance; but if the big one is to be taken at all, this is the method. Sir George Douglas went eel-spearing on a dark night, and the use of the leister is not unknown to him. Spear and leister are alike unlawful. We imagine, therefore, that, in pursuit of knowledge, Sir George has not scrupled to do a little poaching among furred and feathered game. Unfortunately, however, the only experiences in that department of Border life which he recounts have a constabulary air about them. He tells us, not how he himself was caught, but only how other Freethinkers in the matter of game were laid by the heels. Two or three of his stories are entertaining; but more important is a reflection about sport from the unprivileged vagabond's point of view, a reflection which Sir George Douglas seems often on the verge of avowing candidly.

It occurs in "A Rural Coursing Match"—

Though your coursing-meet be planned with the secrecy of a conspiracy, by some inexplicable means it will take air and reach the ears of those concerned to hear of it. These, in general, will comprise, of the unselect among mankind, a representative assortment. Such are, for instance, that characteristic product of modern civilisation—the man who without having earned his leisure has yet nothing to do; or the publican who is his own best customer; or the minders of other people's business generally; or the man who cannot 'take care of himself' (I employ the tolerant euphemism of a dozen countryside). Add to these, one known to the magistrate for offences under the Game Laws, a bevy of urchins, a ragamuffin, and you will have before you some mental picture of the motley crew—the 'seamy-siders' of country life—whom you will probably find assembled at the rendezvous. Well, and in God's name, why not? Is it not seldom that the components of this medley are able to enjoy a day's pleasure which is neither unwholesome nor unlawful? For once, then, let them share with the best.

Certainly. This is the proper answer to all who, like the Bishop of Hereford in the House of Lords a few weeks ago,

would, if they could, suppress all the field sports of England. Even if it were true that these sports involved suffering to the animals hunted, the question, as all nature is indubitably red in tooth and claw, would still be arguable; but there is strong reason for believing that it is not true. Wild animals are wonderfully adaptable to the instincts of man. In the debate on the Bishop of Hereford's Bill, Lord Ribblesdale told us that often, after the hunt, the carted stag, over which so many Puritanic tears are shed, trots home with the hounds, to live and to be hunted on the next statutory day. It is a fact, also, that hares are most plentiful in the districts, such as the country of the Duke of Leeds, where coursing is most in vogue. Grouse thrive best where they are regularly shot, and the only Lowland regions where foxes are to be found are those in which there are packs of hounds to hunt them. We are surprised at the article on this subject which is published in the current number of Mr. Murray's *Monthly Review*, an honourable tome in which priggishness and ignorance are never expected and rarely met. The philosophy which runs through the charming work of Sir George Douglas is, being in harmony with the facts of the field and the nature of man, much nearer to the truth than the cloistered moralising of the prelate.

The Professor at Large.

What is Shakespeare? An Introduction to the Great Plays. By L. A. Sherman. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

AN American paper, quoted by us last week, lamented the prolific theorising of its professional countrymen, and explained their facile activity. They are, it said, compelled to show something for their degree, even if they have not an idea to show; and these abounding books are the result of the perfunctory strain. But Professor Sherman, who administers English literature to the studious young Nebraskan, would cut himself off from this plea. If we are to credit him, he has written his book at the importunate request of publishers. There are a great many people who cannot understand Shakespeare, and are afraid to try. There are even undergraduates who say they are no wiser for being taught Shakespeare, and remain uncomprehending. That does not surprise us so much as the Professor. Nevertheless, all intelligent and educated people will one day understand Shakespeare. It is our old-world aristocratic prejudice, doubtless, but we are sceptical of that "millenary year" (as Dryden has it). Meanwhile, the Professor allows, "the growth of literary taste and wisdom might well advance with considerably accelerated speed." So he sets to work to grease the wheels. Shakespeare, he postulates, would now write novels, though the novels he might write could hardly be understood without "some seriousness of purpose and considerable power of literary appreciation." Considerable! They would be something like Meredith's or George Eliot's, it seems. Well, we are glad that Shakespeare did not live now. Since there would be the same trouble we may as well, therefore, bestow our "considerable power of literary appreciation" on Shakespeare as he is. We may. But this leaves out of sight the poetry, which is the true obstacle to nine Anglo-Saxons out of ten. The Professor, however, throughout his book, takes no stock in poetry. But for the quotations, you might read him from cover to cover without suspecting that Shakespeare was a poet. The way to interpret Shakespeare is "to expand the situations and dialogue into such phases and denominations of life as the novel uses." Thus the novel-trained reader will be able to follow him by these "practicable units of approach"—

And heaven it knoweth what that may be!

So the Professor gives you, in effect, a prose-paraphrase of the action, and in part the dialogue, of several plays,

which reads like an expanded *Lamb's Tale*, in horrible English and the manner of a penny novelette. Or you may, like ourselves, view it as a subtle specimen of American humour.

We speak of the English, let us confess, from our prejudiced and traditional British standpoint. Perhaps it would be more correct to say it is breezy, coloured, and full of Western race. Pisanio "happens in." Benvolio "is on hand to help part" the fray. It is English in its shirt-sleeves, undisturbed by aristocratic notions. We foresee great possibilities for Shakespearean commentary in this manner. We would suggest that the Professor, for example, in future editions, should speak of Cymbeline as the "old man," and his son as "young Cym, whose front name is Cloten." Such *nuances* would impart Nebraskan blood to the style, and astonish this effete old Europe some. But the Professor's art resides in laying these touches upon a groundwork of diction which is alternately reminiscent of the intellectual laboratory and of Horner's Penny Stories. No extract would do justice to the total effect. At the same time the democracy is made to feel that the Professor is not proud by such an endearing frailty as this: "Neither the Queen nor Cloten has the slightest conception of the power that they are defying." Such syntactical liberty implies a grammatical equality and fraternity which appeals to the wide human heart.

On the one hand, mindful of the precept that we must conceive how Shakespeare would have written had he been a novelist, the author brings him home to the world of Mudie by such little imaginative touches as these:

The petite, trim figure is seen to totter slowly towards the cave, then disappear within.

Which is his way of saying that Imogen re-enters the cave. And again of Romeo:

He is of fine presence and stature, gracefully proportioned, and the deep seriousness of his brow tells of high thoughts and infinite devotion.

There is no warrant for these beauties in the text, truly; but they would have been there (can you doubt it?) had Shakespeare been a novelist. On the other hand, Professor Sherman maintains a professional dignity by such sentences as this:

The art of portraying character consists mainly in making the given subject do or say such things as are potential and illuminating concerning the complete and habitual personality.

Could you say with more profundity, that to portray character you must make a man do or say things which portray character? It pales in sounding tautology Johnson's famous "China to Peru" couplet. But, above all, the Professor (on the hypothesis of the American paper) has to supersubtilise for a degree; and his book stands on end with points unseized by the Germans. In dealing with Cymbeline, his first manifestation of humorous originality is to assume a personal dislike for Posthumus, and make him out, with minute display of ingenuity, but a sorry match for Imogen. Indeed, all the heroes are shown to be indifferent, selfish sort of fellows beside the heroines. Another point is to make the heroines, from Imogen to Juliet, practical, domestic, unimaginative creatures. Juliet matter-of-fact! Posthumus is even found fault with because he departs from the face of the angry king without staying to say farewell to Imogen. On the American stage, doubtless, the king would accommodatingly postpone his wrath for the love-parting, and twiddle his thumbs R.C. Posthumus' ring, which belonged to Imogen's mother, given him by Imogen, also weighs on Professor Sherman's mind. It must get such a poor fellow as Posthumus (who has not even been made a lord or a knight, remarks the author) into trouble—a real queen's ring! Iachimo, he is sure, spots that ring at once, and knows a live princess must have given it to this beggarly gentleman. To the Nebraskan idea there is clearly a halo or hall-mark about queens' rings. But Posthumus "knows his bride's mind

too well to venture any protest" when she gives him the token. He knew better than to contradict her, we suppose—a humorous touch doubtless drawn from lively experience of the *jeune Americaine*. Pisanio, note you, is conceived "for better sustainment of the proprieties" as twice Imogen's age—only the land of draped piano-legs would have found that out! With like Mark Twainness, Iachimo "makes a guy" of Posthumus. But the author's subtlest stroke of veiled humour concerns the duel between the young hunter, Guiderius, and Cloten. Guiderius, he discovers, "has no proper weapon," which enhances his courage. One supposes that men returning from the hunt have sword or spear. But the Professor is seemingly convinced that Guiderius "goes for" Cloten with his fists. For he not only stands to his assertion, but, when Guiderius has brought in the head of Imogen's pursuer, observes that he is "Mars enough to have slain her enemy without a sword." Why, that is somewhat of a feat, certainly; but it is nothing to the feat of *cutting off his enemy's head without a sword*. He might manage with a knife, possibly; but it would be awkward.

In the way of seeing through a brick wall, however, Professor Sherman's best effort is perhaps in *Romeo and Juliet*, and regards Juliet's prompt avowal of love on the famous balcony. The young lady (as she herself recognises) does cut the cackle and come to the 'osses with remarkable promptitude; and the Professor considers that "to Anglo-Saxon prudence the scene has seemed precipitate." Shakespeare, it seems, did not overlook this. The Professor notices that Juliet says "Good-night" and "Farewell" with considerable frequency. She does, Professor. She says "Good-night" with damnable iteration. When your own professorial heart meets its Sedan, you may observe as a psychological peculiarity in the selected female the same irrational tautology. They all do it, Professor. And to the mere Briton that has hitherto appeared a sufficient explanation of the lady's superfluity. Not so to an American Professor supersubtilising for a degree. Shakespeare, knowing the sensitiveness of Anglo-Saxon propriety, hit on a 'cute dodge. He made Juliet say "Good-night" and "Farewell" over and over again to create an impression *that the courtship lasts longer than it does*. (Now you can say, "My! ain't that deep!") It matters not that "Anglo-Saxon prudence" receives no such impression, and would not, though Juliet said "Good-night" as perseveringly as an inebriated gentleman on the steps of his club. It matters not that the farewells are after Juliet's love-avowal. A theory is a theory—and it is unknown to the Germans.

In his purely serious moments the Professor is less happy. It is not acute, for instance, to say that Shakespeare had not Greek enough to keep him from accenting "Polydore" (in *Cymbeline*) on the second syllable, when passage after passage metrically compels you to accent it on the first. Nor yet to say that the prisoned Posthumus sees from the Messenger's face that he is to be set at liberty—a crass misunderstanding of his figurative—"Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free;" that is, by death. We might also ask gravely, what is like to be the style of the students, where this book represents the style of the professors? But that were to consider too curiously. Taken in the spirit we have indicated, as a substitute for light literature, and in moderate quantities, the volume will be found like Epps's Cocoa (see advertisements).

Light Vintages.

University Magazines and their Makers. By Harry Currie Marillier. (Howard Wilford Bell. 3s. 6d.)

MR. H. C. MARILLIER now reprints a paper on "University Magazines and their Makers," which he read to "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes" a few years ago. The book contains less than a hundred little pages, and it is evident that it

should have been considerably increased in length. For Mr. Marillier has had unexampled opportunities in dealing with this interesting and almost virgin theme; he has seen, handled, and studied collections that are only nominally known to readers of No. 171 of the *Cambridge Review*. Nevertheless, until Mr. Madan of the Bodleian falls in with rumour and prints an exhaustive monograph, Mr. Marillier's sketch will be of uncommon interest. He begins with the *Terræ Filius* (1721), a one-man publication by Nicholas Amhurst of St. John's, Oxford, and travels as far as the Varsity of to-day. He makes no attempt at criticism, but picks the flowers of the two centuries according to his own taste. As an appendix, he gives a synopsis, firstly, of Oxford magazines and periodicals; secondly, of Oxford College magazines; and thirdly, of Cambridge University magazines and periodicals; and fourthly of Cambridge College magazines, together with several cover designs from both universities. Here and there a slip of the pen has caused such inaccuracies as the attribution of *Lambkin's Tales* instead of *Lambkin's Remains* to Mr. Hilaire Belloc. But on the whole he has worked very steadily in a labyrinthine mine. The *Terræ Filius*, as the name will suggest to Oxford men, was satirical, and set the key-note to all its successors. "There is in this place," wrote Steele concerning Oxford, "such a true spirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wise man they certainly will let you know you are a fool." Sometimes in the form of epigram, more often in the form of parody, it is only the humour of Oxford and Cambridge that comes to light in these magazines. In 1750 *The Student* appeared at Oxford, and soon set an often-followed example by extending its sphere and taking the title *The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*. Thomas Wharton, Kit Smart, and Dr. Johnson were among its contributors. Then followed a series of weeklies, mainly dull, which parodied, whilst attempting to imitate, *The Spectator* and the like.

In the early part of the 19th century, however, begins what may almost be described as an unbroken series of undergraduate magazines. *The Undergraduate* (published at Oxford in 1819) contains the statement that "no" periodical had hitherto been conducted for any length of time by gentlemen *in statu pupillari*; nor, unhappily, did they make an exception of *The Undergraduate*. Cox, in his *Recollections*, describes it as "weekly" in two senses, and unsympathetically records its lack of longevity. Thus, although Oxford may claim the credit of producing the first distinctively undergraduate periodical, no such glamour attaches to the outcome as to the first Cambridge venture of this kind—the rare and costly *Snob*.

Mr. Marillier quotes, from the *Snob*, Thackeray's mock-heroic "Timbuctoo," the subject of Tennyson's contemporary prize-poem. *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, founded by William Morris, raised the level of university journalism after a reign of dulness. It is well known that Burne-Jones and Rossetti, Canon Dixon, Jex Blake, and Vernon Lushington were contributors, and that it held in trust *The Burden of Nineveh* and other promising work by Rossetti. Yet this magazine is something of an oddity in a series where even Mr. Swinburne wrote parodies. The Rev. H. R. Haweis inspired *The Lion* at Cambridge in 1858-9; it was slain by Trevelyan's *Bear*. *The Oxford Spectator* (1867) was supported by E. Nolan, T. Humphry Ward, and R. S. Copleston, and consisted of parodies of Plato, Herodotus, and Shakespeare. *The Momus* of Cambridge and *The Radcliffe* of Oxford followed. We need make no excuse for quoting Mr. Marillier's record of a very characteristic specimen of university flora:—

The Moslem is announced as a liberal and advanced journal of the scope, views, and tendencies adapted to the taste of all nations, conducted by Hadji Seivad and a talented heathen staff. Nos. 1 and 2 are dated 1 May, 1890, which is rather misleading until you are informed that the date is prophetic, and that the magazine appeared in November 1870, and was a skit upon the influx of ducky foreigners

into Cambridge, and especially into Christ's. The matter is summed up in this nonsense rhyme:—

In an ancient and grave university
All at once there appeared a diversity
Of Turks, Greeks, and Jews,
Hottentots and Hindoos,
Which altered that grave university.

Even at the present day this kind of joke prevails, and there is a college—not Christ's—of which all that can be said is, that it occasionally makes an exception in favour of admitting a white man.

The *Tattler* in Cambridge, 1871, was the work, apparently, of Dr. A. W. Verrall and Christopher Wordsworth. The same year saw the *Light Green*, mainly the work of Arthur Clements Hilton, of St. John's. Hilton died very early, in the Church, and the two numbers of the *Light Green* are a gay and pathetic unredeemed pledge of literary fame. A more complete resurrection of his work would, we believe, meet with an approval which can scarcely be accorded to the mere *juvenilia* of men with accomplished reputations. His "Vulture and the Husbandman," a parody of the "Walrus and the Carpenter," is as good as possible; and we agree with Mr. Marillier in an affection for his parody of the "Queen of the May" addressed to his "Gyp":—

When the men are up again, Filcher, and the term is at
it: height,
You'll never see me more in these long gay rooms at
night;
When the old dry wines are circling, and the claret-cup
flows cool,
And the loo is fast and furious with a fiver in the pool.

In this, and in all his best work, as it seems to us, he went beyond the cunning of parody. Of Calverley, "Q," "A. G.," "J. K. S.," and Owen Seaman there is no excuse for speaking here. The story of *The Oxford Magazine*, *The Isis*, *The Granta*, and the legend of *The Spirit Lamp* are well known to those who care for these things. But we would suggest that they, and others, like the "J. C. R." of which Mr. Marillier knows little, might well be put into the hands of someone, like Mr. Beeching, with a palate skilled in these light vintages, for selection and republication.

A Balladist.

The Woman Who Went to Hell. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). (De La More Press.)

Mrs. SHORTER's slender volume is almost entirely a collection of those ballads, founded on folk-tales, which are chiefly her *métier*. She possesses naturally the gift of telling a story, which is rare in our days; and moreover she can tell a simple story simply. Her narrative is always direct, uncomplex, and free from the adornments of imagery which, if they are the strength of the modern poet, in such a situation are also his weakness. Her diction is severely plain, and she is unafraid to do without "colour," which is the obsession of the modern romantic poet in all circumstances. All these things qualify her for the ballad; and she has a further advantage in her treasury of Irish legend. It appears inexhaustible. These legends, moreover, at once simple, imaginative, and impressive, are so many ballads in the raw, waiting for their singer. You have but to relate them and they do the rest—your ballad is made. But narrative is an art; and therein lies Mrs. Shorter's share of the thing so readily stated, so hard to do. The ballads in her present volume are all Irish save one, which is on a Spanish story. Her opening ballad is by no means the sensational matter which might be surmised from its title and the sinister but imaginative drawing of the portress at the infernal gates, which forms the frontispiece. It is one of the many variants on a theme apparently dear

to Celtic imagination—the woman who sacrifices her soul to save the soul of another, or others. Here it is her new-wedded husband, whose soul is claimed for the sufficiently inconsequent reason that his mother, being then pregnant with him, had sold a branch of peach-blossom to a stranger. But it turns on an *equivoque*:

"The fruit you carry I fain would buy,"

he had said; and on the completion of the bargain revealed the trap:

He whispered then in my frightened ear
The name of the Evil One;
"And this I have bought to-day," he said—
"The soul of your unborn son."

The son, claimed on his wedding-day, is saved by the bride substituting herself for seven years' service to the Evil One.

Seven long years did she serve him true
By the blazing gates of hell;
And on every soul that entered in
The tears of her sorrow fell.

Seven long years did she keep the place,
To open the doors accurst;
And every soul that her tear-drops knew
It would neither burn nor thirst.

By serving seven more years she wins the boon to take out with her "what treasure her strength can bring." The Deceiver is in his turn deceived by an *equivoque*:

And all the souls that she had let through,
They clung to her dress and hair;
Until the burthen that she brought forth
Was heavy as she could bear.

She reaches home to find her lover celebrating a second marriage. Of course, the universal device of the ring dropped in the cup makes her known.

He kissed her twice on her faded cheek,
And thrice on her snow-white hair;
"And this is my own true wife," he said
To the guests who gathered there.

"I will not marry the fair young girl,
No woman I wed but this;
The sweet white rose of her cheek," said he,
"Shall redden beneath my kiss."

"Earl Roderick's Bride" is a very sweet and pathetic story; while "The Dean of Santiago" is a characteristically Spanish tale of magical trickery. But extracts cannot show Mrs. Shorter's work, which depends on the effect of the whole, not the parts. It is no book of fine "bits," such as the reviewer loveth, but a book needing, and meriting, to be read integrally.

Other New Books.

Ioläus: an Anthology of Friendship. By Edward Carpenter. (Sonnenschein.)

IN this day of multiplied anthologies, when we have love-anthologies *ad libitum*, war-anthologies, flower-anthologies, and even cat-anthologies, it is passing strange that no one has hit upon an anthology of friendship. Next to love, it is the most universal of sentiments—for the affections of kindred must rank as something more rooted than sentiment. (By the way, is there not room for an anthology of maternity and paternity, including the reciprocal filial devotion?) But Mr. Carpenter has desisted the vacancy, and entered it with *Ioläus*. It is, let us say, a very pleasing anthology; none the less pleasing for being limited. The limitation comes in modern times. Apparently the modern European, and especially the English, expression of friendship in literature has been but sparse. This is doubtless due to the rooted Anglo-Saxon feeling that

sentiment between man and man should be undemonstrative; for no race is really stancher and closer in friendship than the Anglo-Saxon. Something, also, is due to Mr. Carpenter's peculiar method. He seems to require a basis of Damon-and-Pythias-like union in any friendship the literary expression of which he admits into his anthology. A mere "old pal" sentiment, it would appear, will not suffice. His collection ranges from the comrade-customs of African savages to the poetic friendships of Tennyson and Walt Whitman. A great part of the book is occupied with ancient, and especially Greek, friendship. This was almost inevitable, from the prominence it assumed in classic times. But there are many interesting records besides. The friendships of St. Augustine are illustrious; but who knows anything concerning those of our English saint, Anselm? Yet some of the most beautifully tender passages in the volume are from his letters to his fellow-monk, Gandolf. As thus:—

Thou knowest how much I love thee, but I knew it not. He who has separated us has alone instructed me how dear to me thou wert. No, I knew not before the experience of thy absence how sweet it was to have thee, how bitter to have thee not. Thou hast another friend whom thou hast loved as much as or more than me to console thee, but I have no longer thee!—thee!—thee! thou understandest? and nothing to replace thee. Those who rejoice in the possession of thee may perhaps be offended by what I say. Ah! let them content themselves with their joy, and permit me to weep for him whom I love.

Not Shakespeare is more impassioned than this. Altogether, *Iolaus* combines novelty and charm.

Leaves in the Road. By Eric R. D. MacLagan. (Howard Wilford Bell.)

MR. MACLAGAN'S poems are accomplished in technique, after the fashionable pattern; and have plenty of colour as regards the diction, though this again is after the fashion which is so much in the air that the trick of it becomes almost mechanical. Thoughtful they are not; but they are not without occasional ideas, if of a somewhat thin kind. Yet they are far better than most of the new verse which is scattered from the press. A favourable example is "The Idol," for it has a definite idea:—

I dreamed I was an Idol, and I sat
Still as a crystal, smiling as a cat,
Where silent priests through immemorial hours
Wove for my head mysterious scarlet flowers.
Far down the dusty daylight stabbed the air
And kindled into gold the painted hair
Of those imperious impotent images
That brooded in the perfumed silences.
There, as I waited day by changeless day,
My people brought their gifts and knelt to pray,
And I alone, of all that dwelt apart,
Had pity on my people in my heart;
Had pity on the sad that mourned their dead,
Had pity on the poor that cried for bread,
Had pity most on boy and girl that came
And prayed for love, and loving blest my name;
But in my unavailing pity sat
Still as a crystal, smiling as a cat.

That has a certain richness of phrase, and is at least verse that no man need be ashamed to publish.

The History of Trade Unionism. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

In this new edition of their *History*, Mr. and Mrs. Webb have inserted an introduction giving a sketch of trade unionism during the past-eight years. It appears that strong unions have become stronger, while those that were weak have become still weaker, notably the unions formed

by agricultural labourers, seamen, the clothing trades, and the unskilled labourers. The labour "organiser" is less prominent than he used to be. The establishment of a Federation of Trade Unions for mutual aid and the formation of a Labour Representation Committee for promoting the election of labour representatives to Parliament indicate a revival of federal tendencies. It is observed that in recent years the average loss of time incurred through strikes, if the whole body of manual workers be taken, has been 1½ days a year. Hence the two Bank Holidays proclaimed for the Coronation will be as serious industrially as about eighteen months of strikes. The authors should have said something about the charges of 'canny methods brought against trade union workmen in *The Times*. The optimism that prompts them to depict the Trade Union world as one of the best possible worlds is not widely shared. There is sufficient evidence of slackness, especially in the building trades, to justify outspoken condemnation, and the truest friends of the workers are those who speak plainly on matters of this kind.

Happy-go-lucky Land. By Max Schmidt. (Unwin.)

"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY LAND" is, of course, England, and the writer is a bilious person with a German name, who profits by our national good nature to pose as a Jeremiah to the land that has given him its hospitality. It is not difficult to imagine what would happen to an Englishman in Germany who tried to publish such a book about the land of his adoption. Max Schmidt occasionally hits upon a truth, but he spoils his own case by his reckless violence of assertion, as, for example, when he attacks our army as composed of loafers, forgetting the fact that our officers are the only ones in Europe who have seen serious active service for a generation, and in the trifling expedition to Peking had to help the scientific German officers out of the muddles into which their text-books had brought them. It is tedious work looking for sense in so large a quantity of chaff, but there is a passage which will bear quotation as it runs much on the lines of Mr. Kipling's "Islanders," and seems to have been written independently about the same time. "You waste your time not only in playing, but also in watching others play; and not content with having amateurs to perform for your amusement, you pay large sums to professionals, who have little more right than actors or public singers to be considered sportsmen. Reflect how you waste your time at cricket, both in the field and in the spectators' stands. A big match lasts for two or even three days. During about half of the time little of importance is going on. The field is waiting for a new batsman, or the men are having luncheon, or there is some other delay. The actual play each day lasts for but a few hours; yet the whole day is indirectly sacrificed to it; and the same is the case with the day following, and possibly the day following that. During the whole time twenty-two players are prevented from being of the slightest use in the world, and, in addition, nearly half of them have nothing whatsoever to do, while half the remainder do little more than stand and bask in the sun. I know of no more absurd spectacle. Yet cricket is your national game, and your newspapers may more safely neglect international politics or European wars than omit to give daily, during the season, a full account of every episode of a first-class match." There is some truth mingled with a good deal of exaggeration here, but this is Max Schmidt's way. When the King of Prussia was told by his courtiers that Napoleon I. was mad, he expressed a wish that the madman would bite some of his generals. The present successor of that king seems to be anxious that, supposing we are "happy-go-lucky," we should give his people some of our complaint, and our consequent prosperity.

Fiction.

A Girl of the Multitude. By the Author of *The Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth.* (Unwin. 6s.)

"Much that is astonishing," says the anonymous author of this story, "has been produced by the Faubourg St. Antoine; where the dregs of the people settle, much that is astonishing will always be found." And the character of Eglée of the Faubourg, of whom we learn something in the Comte de Beugnot's Memoirs, was certainly astonishing and interesting enough to be made the centre of such a romance as *A Girl of the Multitude*. Nameless, save in the argot of the quarter, this Eglée grew up to be what the quarter expected most of its daughters to become; but she became also a hater of the Revolution and a passionate lover of Marie Antoinette. The accidental sight of the Queen on two occasions, once at a public ball at the Opera and once at Versailles, is all we have to account for a devotion which carried the girl through the streets of Paris on the hopeless quest of raising up succour for the Queen. Her burning words, her wonderful voice, her constant cry of "*vive la reine*," were accounted to her for madness, though once her zeal carried her to the foot of the guillotine, and almost resulted in the rescue of a batch of victims. From the Place de la Révolution she was carried to the Conciergerie, there to join the extraordinary shifting circle which awaited the will of the Revolutionary Tribunal. There, after the Queen's execution, came to her the great passion of her life. An attempted escape with her lover, the Duc d'Amboise, failing, the pair were brought before the tribunal. Eglée was acquitted, the Duc condemned; her appeal for him having no effect, she turned upon the court with tigerish fury, proclaimed herself an enemy of the Revolution, and was sentenced by the infamous Fouquier, not to the guillotine, but to a cell in the Salpêtrière.

The story is well, though unevenly, written; passages of real insight are too frequently followed by passages wordy and chaotic. Yet the effect produced is sufficiently vivid, and the author has avoided overdoing situations which in less reticent hands might have turned to mere melodrama and blood. On the whole we commend the book as a clever study of a remarkable personality.

The Expatriates. By Lilian Bell. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THIS is a story of Americans in Paris and a Frenchman in America; and the writer has nothing good to say of Frenchmen, very little that is not to the discredit of Frenchwomen. She begins with the fire at the charity bazaar, the victims of which were all women, while the men escaped. That sets the keynote of the story, in which the Frenchman is presented as a worm and the American as a paragon. It is the Frenchman's gallantry, covering contempt of women, that stirs the author's wrath. Here is a typical passage—and a typical scene. The marquis—the villain of the piece—is describing his visit to Denver, where he was prospecting for a wealthy bride.

"One evening she suggested that we go to the theatre, I acquiesced, and, to my horror, I found that we were to go alone. I spoke to her father, but he did not seem to understand. He said, 'Oh, that's all right. Mary will put you through.' I did not know what Mary would put me through. I was soon destined to know. To my further embarrassment I found that we were to go in her father's brougham. She got in without any hesitation, I followed, the door slammed, it was quite dark, there we were!"

"Well?" said Mr. Hollenden.

"Well, it was dark. Of course—no man could resist it. I kissed her! And she—what do you think she did? She slapped me in the face with her bare hand. Slapped my face, gentlemen! What do you think of that?"

Mr. Hollenden roared. The other men only smiled. They realised how easily the girl had got off.

"Didn't she say anything?"

"Yes; she said she'd teach me how to treat a lady."

Whence it will be seen that if the Frenchman did not know how to treat a lady, the Denver girl did not know how to talk like a lady. And that is the general impression that remains on the mind after reading of the relations between the men of France and the girls of America. Rose Hollenden, the patriotic storm centre of the story, though a millionaire's daughter, endowed with rare beauty and a splendid physique, did not know enough to avoid compromising herself by driving alone to the *Fête des Fleurs* with the notorious marquis, and the marquis deliberately lured her into the trap. But her patriotism is splendid. She waves the Stars and Stripes at the American ambassador's reception when the news came of declaration of war with Spain; and when she stormed the White House with a demand to be sent to the front as a nurse, the President, who had heard of the incident, thanked her for thus forcing the diplomatic hand. *The Expatriates* make up an amusing band and a very good story, and a matrimonial agent would get from it a correct estimate of the sort of man an American girl wants to marry: it is not a Frenchman.

The Assassins. By Nevill Myers Meakin. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS "romance of the Crusades," which has the appearance of being a first book, is a historical novel worthy of praise. Since nearly all modern historical novels are worthy of nothing but silence or, at best, a benevolent toleration, *The Assassins* may count itself a little remarkable. Mr. Meakin's hero is an Arab of Frankish extraction, who belongs to the secret Arab society designated in the title, and who is chosen and set apart to murder Saladin—for the "Sheik of the Mountain" warred equally against Moslem and Christian. Hassan proves his courage in the heroic manner before the Grand Master, and after being drugged finds himself in a colourable imitation of Paradise, wherein hours and defiance of natural laws abound. He falls in love with Saida, sins, is made outcast, and sets forth on his mission. The mission fails, for Hassan transfers his allegiance from the Order to the Sultan, and he is killed in the very moment of recovering his bride. We roughly sketch the plot to show that its salient features are scarcely original. Mr. Meakin succeeds by an achievement of atmosphere—a sort of laboriously damascened atmosphere. He belongs, we think, to the historical school of Flaubert; the similarity of intention and method of execution between the orgies of the Assassins and the siege of Acre in *The Assassins*, and the orgies of the mercenaries and the siege of Carthage in *Salamambo*, is plain to the eye. And if *Salamambo* is sometimes dull in its long stretches of miraculous vivid description, *The Assassins* is sometimes dull from the same cause, and with less excuse. "The service was of porcelain from Nankin; the knives, forks, and other appliances were engraved with the figures of strange gods by the smiths of Al Hind. There were vessels of iridescent glass made when the Cæsars ruled at Rome, nor was there lacking wine to fill them—wine that had been pressed at Shiraz in the days of Zangi the Alabeg. . . . A peacock reigned over the feast; there were ragouts worthy of Al Rashid's palate, pastries with battlemented walls, conserves of pomegranate, and other fruits. . . ." And so on, and so on, and so on; pages, pages. Such catalogues remind us of "Q's" line about Whitman:—

Me chanting to the public the song of simple Enumeration.

But Mr. Meakin is better than his descriptive passages. He possesses the fundamental power of imagination, and the sense of beauty, which is perhaps another name for

the sense of romance. He has a spark of the incommunicable fire; that is the whole point. We consider that his mere writing might be better than he has chosen to make it; and, as we have implied, the book is certainly too long; the tale disappears, is half drowned in vast surging seas of description, and naturally emerges feeble therefrom. Still, we have read the novel with pleasure.

Elma Trevor. By Florence Darnley and Randolph Ll. Hodgson. (Constable. 6s.)

WE are always a little distrustful of books in which each chapter is heralded by a poetical quotation. It seems to come between us and the author, proclaiming, as it were, his inability to move us as he wishes without calling in the aid of the immortals. Besides, without discussing the propriety of using quotation at all in this way, we must confess to a personal objection to having the motive of the coming chapter anticipated for us on the first page of it. For instance, when we come upon such profound if well-known utterances as "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence," and "Love sought is good, but given unsought is better," we know at once what to expect. And, in the case of *Elma Trevor*, it is generally quite as much as we can bear when it comes, so we particularly resent being warned of it beforehand. For, apart from an elementary knowledge of the bare technicalities of prose writing, which might just as well have been employed in the production of school essays, the joint authors of this inept piece of fiction seem to be but poorly equipped for the work of novel writing. The plot is of a wearisome familiarity. We should have thought that two authors, put together, might have conceived something more original than the stale, well-worn idea of the saintly woman married to the wrong man, of the lover who falls in love for the first time when he meets this martyred person, and of the priggish artist who gives advice all round and ends in marrying the "odd one out," who is, of course, the usual merry Irish girl with eyes of—no, we need not mention the colour of her eyes. Most of these old, old friends, perform the curious feats common to their kind; one "gnaws his moustache," another "pulls viciously" at his; at one moment the blood courses hotly through the veins of the heroine, at another a smile hovers round the corners—&c., &c. And the following is a specimen of the way in which the two writers commune with the reader:—

Love is the most complex and many-sided of the human attributes. It is the fiercest, the most untamable of the primary passions; it is the gentlest, the greatest, the best of all virtues. With one breath it would slay, with the next it would only bless. It would break through all obstacles, seize, carry off, kill, rather than lose the loved object, since love must have absolute possession; it would not bring the shadow of harm to its beloved, would guard from every ill, would but benefit, shield, comfort. It demands body and soul; it would give all. Brutal, and yet divine; cruel, and yet kind: selfish, and yet self-sacrificing.

On the whole, though we have read much of this sort of thing, we are inclined to think that two heads are worse than one.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT O' THE WINDOW. BY LEONARD MERRICK.

The story of a singer—a girl—poor and friendless, who, after failing to find employment in London, accepts an offer to sing in Paris. She has bitter and heart-breaking experiences at the vile *café* to which the rascally agent has

assigned her. There she meets an English novelist, who befriends and then marries her. Their path after marriage was not all roses, but happiness comes at the end of this bright and interesting story. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE SHADOW OF THE ROPE. BY E. W. HORNUNG.

A melodramatic story of modern life, with a suspicion of the Australia which helped Mr. Hornung to a public in this country. Rachel Minchin was a young Australian woman whose apparent attractions were only equalled by her absolute poverty. Then follows the murder. "The ink was drying with the dead man's blood, in which she now perceived him to be soaked. 'Murdered!' whispered Rachel, breaking her long silence with a gasp. 'The work of thieves.'" (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

EL OMBÚ. BY W. H. HUDSON.

El Ombú (five men with their arms stretched to their utmost length could hardly encircle it) is the longest of these South American stories. It is racy told, and the book also contains an "Appendix to *El Ombú*," giving some account of the English invasion of 1807, and interesting notes on the game of *El Pato*. The other stories in this small book, which is No. 2 in the "Greenback Library," are "Story of a Piebald Horse," "Niño Diablo," and "Marta Riquelme." (Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)

NAT HARLOWE, MOUNTBANK. BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

Mr. Sims has chosen the Restoration period for the adventures of his characters. "I know not when I was born or where, for when I can first remember I was with a company of mountebanks, the head of it being a posture master, an Italian, who beat me unmercifully because I could not twist my small body into the shapes he desired." The fifteen chapters are accompanied by sixteen illustrations by Mr. Frank Dadd. (Cassell. 3s. 6d.)

NICHOLAS HOLBROOK. BY OLIVE BIRRELL.

A modern story with a purpose, well written, and dealing mainly with the career of Nicholas Holbrook. "He inherited some of the caution of the Holbrooks and Cottons, who never risked their lives in dangerous places if they could help it, but the hot blood of Lancelot Seaton coursed in his veins as well." The story is prefaced by an introduction which tells of an ancestor, Nicholas Holbrook, a pawnbroker in an English town in 1789. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

LOVE GROWN COLD. BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

A Scots domestic novel, "Oh, mother, you know fine what it is I do want, what I would gi'e my life for almost—to get to the college at St. Andrews." Later in the book the scene shifts to Africa and war, and it closes on that note of loyalty and earnest piety that has won this author so many friends among her particular public. "It is hard to know the right or the wrong. I think we must wait, but when you want me you will find me here." (Methuen. 5s.)

THE LAKE OF PALMS. BY ROMESH DUTT.

Mr. Romesh Dutt is already known to English readers by his metrical version of the Indian Epics. This essay in fiction gives a picture of Indian domestic life. In it are to be met aged Hindu matrons presiding over vast Eastern households, Hindu wives and daughters performing quaint old religious ceremonies and enjoying the newest scandal, and a young Hindu widow committing the unpardonable sin of falling in love. The temples of Benares are visited; a pilgrimage to the far-famed shrine of Jaganath is performed, and the Indian youth partial to Western literature stands side by side with the Indian youth partial to drink. English personages are also introduced into the story. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

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Writers as Healers.

IN an age of many-ruddered wisdom and promiscuous publishing, it is something to come upon a tendency expressing itself in a definite and increasing body of literature. We have before now referred to the New York and Boston teachers whose books on spiritual life, auto-suggestion, and mental healing are continually descending on our table. Taken together they may be described as primarily an earnest and constructive re-statement of the power of the Soul to calm, inspire, and adjust man's life, and, secondarily, as America's protest against America. Emerson and Thoreau continually did cry that men may have health and power and success by utilising that Mississippi energy of the spirit which flows silent and potential beneath the noisy and misguided splashings of ordinary endeavour. It was Whitman's message too. Whitman, indeed, was the poet of this re-affirmation, and lent to it the equivalent of Isaiah's "wild seraphic fire." If, with the exuberance of the Hebrew prophet and a genius of vision all his own, he dwelt much on the storm, the accidents, the lively manifestations and infinite detail of man's collective career, it is yet seen that he was thinking all the time of the last word—which is ever the word of the individual, the more majestic as the more environed by tumult.

A whole school of writers, small writers if you will, has arisen in America to advertise this psychical current, which they tell us too often flows uselessly under the fret of life, turning no mill and bearing no freight, to discharge itself at last without colour or burden into that universal energy to which it is tributary. To neglect this current is to lead a life of jarring success or hobbling failure. To trust to it, and to study its rules of pilotage, is to live not by the fevered aim and strain of energy but by its quiet and continuous overflow.

These ideas are old ideas, and are woven into a thousand systems of conduct. And certainly no temple was ever deserted where this teaching of self-help was given in its purity.

Significant are the very number and smallness of the writers who in New York and Boston are writing their booklets on this theme. This suggests that these old ideas are being beaten like sparks out of the stormy and fretted life of America. The very names of the prophets seem remote, small, and strange to English readers. They quote each other with that inborn enthusiasm for a known name (in America) which is so American, and the result is not quite without its humours. "What is Man?" questioned Prof. Benjamin Peirce. "We are told that those pertinaciously doubting Thomases who want immortality proved have been answered once for all "by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who said: 'The proof of immortality is the feeling of immortal desires; the pledge of the Kingdom is the undying hope of the Kingdom.'" And what reservoirs of philosophy, what prophets in the prairie, do we not vision when the eye alights on a sentence like this? "Going back far enough we find Dr. Quimby, a half century or so ago, in Portland, Me., using a

form of suggestion, the story of which has been most interestingly told in a book by Mrs. Dresser." These names count in Boston. Another is that of Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, who has just added to the long list of his writings in this kind, a *Book of Secrets, with Studies in the Art of Self-Control* (Putnams). It is characteristic of all these books that they repeat in many forms a few leading ideas. Thus, the "Secret of Success," as Mr. Dresser sees it, is to live by the spirit. The "Secret of Evolution" is to adjust yourself philosophically to all that Nature wants to achieve through you. The "Secret of Adjustment" is first to learn the rhythm of the Spirit and thence the countless rhythms of the flesh and of all evolution. The "Secret of Work" is to remember that behind disturbed mental and physical activities there is some wrong adjustment to the forces which play upon the soul.

These Boston quietists are in revolt against the nervous rush and impatience of the life of America—all that life which leaps at you in the serio-grotesque headlines of the *New York Journal*. They say, with Emerson (they say a great deal with Emerson): "Let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause." But they do not, as a rule, write in monosyllables. Their words do not ring like his, though we believe they are just as sincere. Where Emerson would say: "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string," your Boston drawing-room evangelist says: "Mind is designed for mastery. The psychic vibrations of focalized desire upon the inner medium of communication—the spiritual ether—create the light in which the object of desire is perceived; hence the clearness of vision depends upon the completeness of inward focalization." Some go so far as to prescribe formal exercises in this discipline of self, this effort to take ship on the stream of spiritual energy. They print great thoughts in big letters on pieces of cardboard, and look at them for twenty minutes with strained attention. Others deride such apparatus. But all are more definite than Emerson, or than the thousand philosophers and mystics who—earlier even than Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me.—have insisted on man's ability to extract from himself the energy which shall save himself. "Thought," says one of these writers, "is the most potent of magnets; and it can be brought to a degree of determining influence as yet undreamed of, even by the seer or the prophet." Nothing less! We are explicitly told that in the early morning, when a man has "completed his toilet," he should sit still and "come into contact with the currents of life." In these prefatory moments he can, if he comprehend "the mystic potency that is his," create the day, can "control the elements that await the psychic stamp of his individuality." Is he a writer? Very well, let him suggest to himself that at a certain hour he will write a story, a poem, or an essay. "When the time comes he will, if susceptible to auto-suggestion, do precisely this thing. The artist will find in it his supreme stimulus."

The ascent from matter to mind is the fundamental doctrine and secret of the Boston healers. You have over-worked yourself, and your condition expresses itself in a cold which may work down into the chest, set up pneumonia, and kill you. But before this can happen there arrives a moment when by the sheer assertion of your spiritual and mental forces you may pass into such a state of inward poise—such reliance on that Energy which is the all—that the oncoming wave of chaos and distress is rolled back. Nay, in health, in normal conditions, a few pauses in the day—taken on the wing—"will affect the entire life. The voice will be fuller and richer. The breathing will be deeper, and the body generally stronger, and a starting-point of greater spiritual attainments will be found. . . . The entire mind will be calm if the centre is peaceful. The circulation, the breathing, the digestive apparatus and all the other functions of the

body are affected by it. Simply to know how to reduce the heat of the body by taking hold at the centre, is to be able to conquer certain diseases in their inception. And if a man can conquer disease he can conquer his passions. He even has the power of life and death in his hands."

There is, of course, nothing new in these teachings, essentially considered. They are as old as you please, and they occur to-day elsewhere than at Boston, and under other names than "psycho-therapeutics." The interesting thing, to our mind, is their revival in America of to-day and their accentuation by the conditions of modern life and the advances of science. Nothing that is new in them is essential. For two and a half centuries a psycho-therapeutical institution has flourished in hundreds of English towns and villages, but it is usually called a Friends' Meeting. Members of the Society of Friends are the first to admit that while their supreme object in meeting in silence is to engage in Christian worship, they yet derive subsidiary advantage from such silence and inward solitude. If the highest privileges of worship are not always enjoyed, as must needs be the case with the variable spirit of man, at least peace descends on the room, the nerves are quieted, and the mind gathers tone.

But, indeed, on every hand we see this tendency to seek relief from a heated, complex age, in some fair abstraction, some realm of thought in which the soul is dominant. What else has evoked the literary mysticism of Maeterlinck, if it is not its hint of a great spiritual shadow-dance behind all our acts which, for being shadow, is the more real? What explains the avid reception of Omar Khayyam if it is not that he provides men with at least a melodious wail for their need of a roof-top view of life.

There was a Door to which I found no Key;
There was a Veil past which I could not see;
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Well, the writers of whom we have written are at least trying to re-mould life nearer to the heart's desire. They find that the world is too full of a number of things, and they would simplify it.

The Australian Poet.

I stood where Kendall roved the range,
A visionary child;
And all my sense was stirred with strange
Sweet songs, mirthless and mild.
I rode where Gordon broke the colts
Beneath Mount Gambier's crest;
And all my soul with fierce revolts
Was torn away from rest.
I trod where Lawson tramped to death
His genius in the glare;
And all my heart was starved for breath,
And Hell was everywhere.
I cried: Australia, fair and free
Land under no God's ban,
Bring forth for all the world to see
A Poet that is a man.
A man with eyes, and brain, and springs
Of music in his soul,
Who'll see, whatever fortune brings,
Life steadily and whole.

New South Wales.

P. F. ROWLAND.

Paris on Oxford.

It is only an accident that brings out at this moment from the publishing house of Mr. Howard Willford Bell a translation of a small and little-known work of M. Paul Bourget, *Some Impressions of Oxford*. M. C. Warrilow is the name of the translator upon the title page. But it is not the present intention to criticise the rendering, which seems adequate, or to say more of Mr. New's drawings than that they seldom in any sense fill the full page accorded to them. It is the timeliness of the accident which is the notable thing. For here is a moment at which Oxford has suddenly become the centre of the English-speaking world, with fifteen Germans edging through the circumference. Cecil Rhodes—there is a general agreement to drop the "Mr."—purposeful and practical in death as he even was in life, has, by the terms of his will, made Oxford as it were the sun which shall give intellectual vitality to the flower of youth. From the British colonies, from the states and territories of North America, will come picked youths, to return as men, bearing in their heads and hearts what Oxford can give them. And it is rather notable that such a man as Rhodes, whose life was spent in the future, should have stood so firmly rooted in the past. One might have foretold that the amalgamator of companies, the coloniser, the empire builder would have concentrated his millions on technical training, on some college of agriculture, on a school of engineering—anything but what he chose. For he chose what to the roving eye of the outsider must appear the most impractical university in the world, and decided that here, where he himself struggled for a degree in the intervals of diamond finding, the men of the Empire must be made. This is the most suggestive thing that has happened in the intellectual world for some time. It suggests, among other things, that the root of efficiency, of which we have read so much, taps a deeper level than the technical school, and that shorthand, book-keeping, and an acquaintance with the German of correspondence do not suffice to make a man.

What, then, is Oxford going to do for the stream of young men which year by year she will receive from the ends of the earth and send forth again with such as they have gained? And here comes M. Paul Bourget with the answer. We may summarise his impressions in the simple statement that she is going to make clean, big, thoughtful men of them. M. Bourget does not put the conclusion so baldly as that, as you may guess. For he is a sentimentalist, a Le Gallienne translated in more than one sense into a Frenchman, as he has proved to everyone who has had even a nodding acquaintance with him during the twenty years, more or less, that have passed since he spent a couple of months in Oxford during the summer term and dreamed over the city of dreaming spires.

I shall love its old walls because I have only looked at them as backgrounds to my dreams and imaginings. No doubt it is in this way we should always travel, for in reality it is a vain idea to pretend to understand minds and manners foreign to us or to fathom their meanings.

No doubt. And the sentimental Frenchman has painted a wonderfully true background to his dreams and imaginings, a far truer one than the mere reporter with an eye for detail and no dreams of his own could hope to paint. Of course he makes "howlers." But they are surprisingly few, not more than the average Englishman who is not an Oxford man would make. "The student is up a little before eight o'clock. Should he be very devotional he first attends service at chapel." It is not a matter of devotion but of compulsion, since so many chapels (or roll-calls) make a term, and so many terms are necessary to a degree. He will not at about nine o'clock be "found seated before a well-covered breakfast table in the hall," unless he is at Keble or one of the denominational colleges

that do not count. It takes more than four years—seven, in fact—to acquire an M.A. degree, and only in his dream could M. Paul Bourget get into evening dress and his "little black gown" to dine as a Fellow of his College in "hall." On the river, again, men do not plunge into the water "before taking their cars," and it is not the case that "this refreshment enables them to row a longer distance without being inconvenienced by the heat." This baptismal rite comes after the row, and not before it. But these are minor errors which anybody might make with a longer acquaintance with Oxford than M. Bourget enjoyed. M. Bourget, sentimentalist and dreamer though he be, got at the root of the matter, and in a most surprising way reached the same conclusion as the world has read in the extraordinary testament of Cecil Rhodes. Absolute independence, the liberty to organize their lives as they please, the necessity of managing all manner of clubs and associations, freedom of discussion so complete as to be unnoticed, and the stern repression of human nature in its most insistent and dangerous aspect; that is the Oxford note, and it can be struck nowhere but in a residential university. The college itself fascinates M. Bourget, who knows the "abominable prisons" which have the name of *collège* in France. The plate nailed over the door of the college rooms "constitutes absolute possession of this corner of the huge hive." Here is the young man who owns those rooms, "carrying that faultless and traditional bearing which is the ideal of every young Parisian of 1883 desirous of transforming himself into a 'gentleman.'"

Dressed in a greyish coloured suit, open coat of perfect fit, straight collar, pinned tie, round hat pulled well down over the eyes so that not a single lock of hair may escape, feet at ease in laced boots with flat heels, they stride solidly along. In one hand they carry a pair of gloves of a reddish shade, in the other a stick which they hold about the middle, and at a certain distance from the body.

But it was the Union that most impressed M. Bourget, that club which is managed by undergraduates for undergraduates, and trains the sons of the Mother of Parliaments.

How each student who belongs to this society feels himself at home, and not in a suspected smoking-house, amongst his equals and not in the midst of a band of idlers and nondescripts. Coming from the old college where everything points to the firm and broad existence of a powerful corporation, he finds here too the same atmosphere of perfected knowledge. There is not a detail either in these colleges or in this club which does not tend to strengthen in him the feeling of personal dignity, not a place where he does not find himself treated as a gentleman, and in consequence obliged to act as a gentleman.

Here the sentimentalist and the empire builder meet; for after all Oxford, like the public school, is superior to foreign educational institutions only in this: that it is a finer school of character. By some happy accident its discipline is so loose as to leave thought free; so loose as to leave action free in all but one matter. "This woman, the inimitable, how one would be free to love her, either in these gardens of New College or those of Magdalen!" Thus exclaims the sentimentalist. But the Oxford student is not free in this respect. "With all their outward independence these Oxford students are guarded in the strictest possible way against the strongest temptation of youth." In this the Oxford system differs from that of France or of Germany. There the expression of thought is fettered, but the student's lodging has no closing time. Here the Oxford man may say what he pleases and do as he likes within certain limits. And those limits bar smoking at public schools as bad form, and bar the cult of woman at the University for the same reason. The Oxford man is concerned with other matters for the moment. So perhaps Oxford may realize the dreams of a sentimentalist and the hopes of a statesman.

The Daffodils of Ullswater.

THIS centenary which I am fain to notice is one which might well pass unheeded, but which will probably appeal and commend itself to many devotees of the daffodil as well as of Wordsworth. On the 15th of April is the hundredth anniversary of that memorable sight of the daffodils of Ullswater. It was on Thursday, the 15th of April, 1802, that Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, when homeward bound from a visiting tour, enjoyed the glad-some exhilarating spectacle the memory of which has been enshrined by the poet in his poem of *The Daffodils*, or *The Daffodils of Ullswater*, composed at Town-end in 1802 and published in 1807. An account of it is given by Professor Knight in his edition of the poems from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal. It affords an excellent illustration of the working of Wordsworth's muse by which his meditative reminiscence converted an episode into an event.

When we were in the woods beyond Gowburn Park [she writes] we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more, and yet more, and, at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them: some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake. They looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up, but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again.

This passage needs no comment to emphasize its importance as an illustration of the poem. I may be permitted, however, to cite the words of two writers who have given us their appreciation of the poem from different points of view. The first is the late Mr. R. H. Hutton, who read a paper on the 3rd of May, 1882, to the Wordsworth Society, in which he discussed the earlier and late styles of Wordsworth and cited the poem on the daffodils in illustration of the former.

Contrast the power [he said] which is very marked in both cases, of the poem on *The Daffodils* with that on *The Primrose of the Rock*. You all know the wonderful buoyancy of that poem on the daffodils—the reticent passion with which the poet's delight is expressed, not by dwelling on feeling, but by selecting as a fit comparison to that "crowd" and "host" of golden daffodils the impression produced on the eye by the continuousness of "the stars that shine and sparkle in the Milky Way," the effect of wind, and of the exultation which wind produces, in the lines,

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance;
and in the rivalry suggested between them and the waves:
The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.

You all know the exquisite simplicity of the conclusion when the poet tells us that as often as they recur to his mind, and

... flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,

his heart "with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils." The great beauty of that poem is its wonderful buoyancy, its purely objective way of conveying that buoyancy, and the extraordinary vividness with which "the lonely rapture of lonely minds" is stamped upon the whole poem, which is dated 1804.

It will be observed at once, he added further on, that in *The Daffodils* there is no attempt to explain the delight

which the gay spectacle raised in the poet's heart. He exults in the spectacle itself, and reproduces it continually in memory. The wind in his style blows as the wind blows in *The Daffodils*, with a sort of physical rapture.

The second writer is the Reverend J. J. Wright, who contributed an admirable paper to the magazine of the National Home Reading Union for October, 1896, which was designed as an introduction to Wordsworth for juvenile readers. He tells of having received a visit one morning from a gentleman who was well read and a lover of poetry, but who declared that he never could see any poetry in Wordsworth. "Well," he said to his visitor, "that may not be your fault. But before you pass final judgment on Wordsworth will you allow me to introduce you to one of his best poems, which is a favourite with me?" His visitor asked him to read the poem, which was that on the daffodils and has only four verses—three descriptive and one reflective. As he read, the listener's face changed from indifference to surprise, from surprise to pleasure, from pleasure to enthusiasm; and, when the poem ended, the listener earnestly exclaimed: "Enough! that is real poetry. The man who wrote that, if he never wrote anything else, was a true poet. You have changed my opinion of Wordsworth." Mr. Wright, in seeking to lead his readers to a love of Wordsworth, gave them one hint which might help them easily to understand a great deal of Wordsworth's poetry. "It is this: Pleasure comes to us *twice* over—first, when we *see* the thing that pleases; and, second, when we *think* of it afterwards, though it may be far away. We thus see it twice, once with our bodily eyes, and then with the eyes of our minds within." In illustration he cited his favourite poem of *The Daffodils*.

Here, first of all [he said] is what the poet on that morning *saw* on the border of Ullswater Lake:—

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees;
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

And so in the first three verses the poet tells in enchantingly simple language what he saw and felt at the time. That was his first pleasure—the pleasure of *seeing* Nature's loveliness.

But there was a second pleasure still to come, and more abiding—the pleasure of seeing it all again in his mind, many and many a time over, in after years; and so he says:—

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

The daffodils still grow on the margin of Ullswater. It is well known that however delightful the blooms are, as increasing favourites among spring flowers, daffodils are best seen in masses, when they are, in the words of Keats, one of the things that are a joy for ever:—

Daffodils

With the green world they live in.

We cannot all keep this anniversary of Wordsworth by paying a visit on that day to Ullswater, or even by paying a visit to such fields of daffodils as those at Ditton; but devotees of daffodils and of Wordsworth alike may well bethink themselves on that day of the occasion in Wordsworth's life which enriched him and the world through him.

S. H. C. T.

Drama.

"Ben Hur" on the Stage.

THE novel of *Ben Hur*, notwithstanding its enormous popularity, has merit. It distinguishes itself from other books of the kind by a certain homely simplicity, and by the distinctness with which the writer sees what he is writing about. It is called "a tale of the Christ," and it begins with the meeting of the three wise men in the desert, on their way to Bethlehem, and ends with the Crucifixion. General Wallace has been wise in making the main part of his story independent of the story of the life of Christ. Christ is seen, in passing, two or three times; but, until the end, that is all. The only words which He speaks are the words recorded in the Gospels. He heals two lepers, who are the lost mother and sister of Ben Hur. Ben Hur watches Him die, and afterwards builds the catacomb of San Calixto in Rome, as a refuge for the Christians. "Out of that vast tomb," says the author in his last sentence, "Christianity issued to supersede the Cæsars."

Strictly speaking, the book is not written at all. The language is awkward, uncomfortable, like the language of a man who is taking up his pen for the first time. We come constantly upon such phrases as: "The goodness of the reader is again besought in favour of an explanation;" or, "With this plain generalisation in mind, all further desirable knowledge upon the subject can be had by following the incidents of the scene occurring." A Bacchante in the grove of Daphne, trying to talk poetically, talks after this fashion: "The winds which blow here are respirations of the gods. Let us give ourselves to waftage of the winds." But this childishness of style cannot conceal the thought, knowledge and sympathy which General Wallace has put into his book. The description of the desert, at the beginning, clumsily though it is written, is sensitively felt; these halting sentences do, after all, what they are meant to do; they give us the sensation of the desert, the camel, and the travellers. The description of the Arab horses, in the fourth book, is that of a man who knows and loves horses; the fight at sea between the galleys, the whole episode of the galley-slaves, is vividly realised in every detail; the life of the desert and of the cities, the different lives of the nations swarming together without mingling, are indicated with not too obvious a purpose. The story itself is a series of adventures, chosen for their effectiveness, and certainly effective. Without being literature, it is something more than a sensation novel of the first century.

Now turn to the play, as it is to be seen at Drury Lane. The atmosphere, suggested in the book, is painted crudely upon moving canvases; here is the real camel, indeed a delightful beast, in his own way; here is a cunning floor which runs one way under the horses' feet while the horses run the other way, and you see the chariot race in the arena; here is a search-light from the level of the upper boxes, to represent the glory of the face of Christ, cleansing lepers. The lepers themselves are before you, quite neat and clean, their faces chalked a little, but, luckily, not at all as General Wallace describes them in the novel. The distressing "thee" and "thou" of the novel remain, and much of the distressing dialogue. But the adventures, which seemed a little detached even there, present themselves now without any obvious link of connection; the characters, somewhat vague and somewhat generalised though they were, have turned rigid and stamped themselves in some few crude gestures. Beauty, as well as strangeness, is suggested in the novel; there is little beauty, and only at times a really interesting strangeness, in what Drury Lane has to show us. The fact is, romance of this remote kind cannot be finely brought before us in the crude way of our modern spectacular theatres. The flash-light rationalises Christ into a

synonym for the latest electric cure of leprosy. I thought it grotesque, from the point of view of artistic or of religious reverence. Now the draped and painted figure, like a Russian ikon, which stood for God the Father in the Elizabethan Stage Society's representation of "Everyman," seemed to me quite reverently conceived and rendered. If we are to deal with great subjects we must deal with them straightforwardly. Let us bring any deific or angelic being upon the stage if we will do it simply, as the peasants do at Ober-Ammergau. I once saw Sarah Bernhardt hissed off the stage in Paris for taking the part of the Virgin Mary in a dramatic poem of Edmond Haraucourt, a poet of at least serious intentions. It was not that the verses of "La Passion" had any irreverence in them, it was merely that Sarah Bernhardt was a Jewess, and there is a feeling in France against the Virgin Mary being associated with persons of her own race. In the novel Ben Hur watches the Crucifixion: the adaptor stayed his hand in time, and we are left with an Edwin Long picture of women and children, holding olive branches in their hands, and singing "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!" as they come down from Mount Olivet.

In the scene which preceded this one, the scene of the miracle, there was some attempt to produce one of those effects which only Mr. Gordon Craig seems able to produce satisfactorily. The stage was in darkness, gradually a little light stole in, and a tossing crowd was seen dimly, waving its hands in the air. So far so good, but the light, I suppose to suggest miraculous methods, which it did not suggest, increased rapidly, and the effect was gone almost before we had time to realise it. The crowd, when seen, was an ordinary stage-crowd, and, though all the faces should have been turned in the direction from which Christ was supposed to be approaching, half of them were turned in the opposite direction. The reason was that a chorus was being sung, and the chorus ladies and gentlemen had evidently been told to keep their eyes fixed on the electrically lighted bâton of the conductor. They did, but the stage-picture was spoilt, and there was nothing in the music to make amends for it.

There was some picturesque acting in the play, and one really fine piece of acting, Mr. Dodson's Simonides. Miss Constance Collier has never looked more appropriately herself than as the daughter of the Sheikh Ilderim. One watched her as one would watch a fierce and graceful animal. I liked the camel, who went through his part meekly, but with ironical grimaces. The horses were not so nice as in the book.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Art.

New Men and Old Manners.

THERE was a time, not many years ago, when the average healthy Englishman and Englishwoman giggled at the exhibitions of the New English Art Club. The giggling showed unintelligence with a lack of objective sympathy, and little did the gigglers know how near they were to being turned out of the gallery by enraged painters and others. It is the way of the world to laugh at the new and unexpected. The world is also against experiments, and the New English Art Club has always been experimental and in earnest. But in the early days the members carried their earnestness with a jauntier air. They frolicked more. Some of them were able to detach themselves from their earnestness, and to regard it humorously. It was pleasant to take up one's *Pall Mall Gazette* and read a paragraph to the effect that Messrs. So-and-So, of the New English Art Club, begged to thank the Royal Academy for the honour done to them in

rejecting their pictures. But the Royal Academy has its own way of progression. She bides her time, and when she beckons, few can resist the aged finger. And so, of those who were exhibitors at the New English Art Club in the last decade of last century, some are now at Burlington House, some have been "taken up" by dealers, some have tired, some have grown sad and civil in teaching, and a few have remained loyal to the club. Mr. P. Wilson Steer, though still a youngish man, is now one of the veterans. Unlike another veteran (it seems absurd to call Mr. Walter Sickert a veteran), he takes himself and his art with profound seriousness. Mr. Steer is the chief of experimentalists. His vision is eternally youthful. He never produces a bad or an insincere picture, and he never seems to find himself. He is no copyist, but his capacity for being influenced by others—not moderns, but the best of the dead—has no bounds. Truth and vigour he always shows, beauty and grace seldom. His Rubens-like nude is honest to the point of brutality; his Constable-like landscape is a dashing presentment of infinite space on a little canvas; and in his portrait he has dared to be commonplace with triumphant success.

The New English Art Club is not quite what it was. With one or two exceptions experimentalism is out of fashion. The public no longer giggles at the New English Art Club pictures. The pendulum has swung back. Time has made the very class of story pictures that the club once fulminated against—new. The average healthy Englishman or Englishwoman, who does not look very closely at workmanship, might very well, after a first glance at the present exhibition, say, with a thrill of pleasure, "Frith is not dead." Once more Selection, which we were at last beginning to believe was with Truth, Beauty, and Craftsmanship, one of the four essentials, has been set aside. The furniture of a room—flowers, books, vases, the patterns of walls and papers—are no longer beautiful smudges that come together miraculously as you retire from the canvas. They are all painted punctiliously as in pre-Victorian days. They have become a novelty—*le dernier cri*. And the New English Art Club, which justly prides itself on welcoming every school so long as the painting is good, hangs these new-old pictures in places of honour. So once more we are taught the old lessons that after last there cometh first, and that if we have patience old things become new. The economical man never throws away a silk hat. He puts it by carefully, knowing that when a few years shall have rolled, its shape will become fashionable again.

The two painters who, in this respect, have impinged their personalities on the present exhibition are Mr. Orpen and Mr. Rothenstein. Mr. Orpen has already made himself a reputation in a small but eager circle. Elderly painters refer to him as "that clever youngster." His "Valuers" is frankly a story picture. Four shabby broker's men have just entered a room to value a picture. The men have character, they are deftly drawn, and their figures show well against the agreeable surface of the wall. The picture is clever and promising, and would be quite in place in any exhibition in London. Mr. Rothenstein is even more daringly early Victorian, to the extent of denying us the consolation of atmosphere in his interior called "L'Amateur," wherein the episodes of decoration and furniture are painted with pre-Raphaelite accuracy. The old gentleman who sits in a chair studying a print before the fire has clearly a partiality for green. The mantelpiece, the woodwork around the fireplace, the covers of his chair and book are all vivid green. It runs through the picture with the insistence of red bunting on a fête day. Here, too, the drawing is excellent. But the picture does not please. Neither does the same painter's "Tears" give all the pleasure it should. The figure of the woman who rests, spent after the first passion of grief, attracts; but the glaring green sofa on which she sits offers

no repose to the eye. The fatal reflection, fatal because it suggests that the colour is not equal to the drawing, rises to the lips—"How well these two pictures would come in black and white!" Can it be that Mr. Rothenstein has disregarded that blessed word values; that he has been so engrossed in the orchestration as to neglect the harmony; that he has flung himself on the part and let the whole take care of itself. The great Dutchmen have shown us that an interior containing homely and incongruous room and wall furniture, can be very beautiful. But they knew that it is light and atmosphere alone that can give pictorial immortality to common things; that no detail of a picture can stand by itself, but that each part must be as impalpably part of the whole as scent is of the flower, as water is when mixed with wine.

But I need not invite the great Dutchmen to step down from their pedestals in order to testify. Cast your eye on Mr. W. W. Russell's picture called "The Mirror." Here, too, is a green couch; but what a tender green it is, with the lines of faint pink flowers, and how subservient the green and pink are to the colour scheme! And the tall mirror into which the girl is looking! Observe it closely. Can you call it a mirror? It is no more than a piece of the wall in the picture, with a frame round it, and a suggestion of light where the reflection would fall. By itself it is neither a mirror nor a piece of the wall. But in value relation to the picture as a whole, as part of the general scheme, it is uncompromisingly a mirror, and beautiful. Turn now to the facing wall, and look at the staring vase in Mr. Rothenstein's "L'Amateur." Cut it out and rest it against a chair. It is still uncompromisingly a vase. Replace it in the picture, it is still a vase, but quite without value relation to the other parts of the picture. It is an episode among episodes, in a room where atmosphere is not. It is like a member of a football team playing for his own glory, not for the good of his side. Thus, diffidently, I have attempted to explain why Mr. Rothenstein's pictures do not give me the pleasure they should. On the other hand, Mr. David Muirhead has made his homely interior, "The Lost Piece of Silver," entirely beautiful. The woman is plain, and her dress is dowdy; but the light from the candle that falls across the cloth, on her face, and the front of her frock, leaving the room itself in obscurity, brings everything into itself, and in right value relation to the whole scheme. There are no episodes in this picture, and although the literary motive is not insisted upon, behind it lurks an idea, a symbolistic intention, that makes just the difference between a clever picture and a work of art. The eye hungers for right colour, for the finely observed degrees of light and shade that blend into a tone—in a word, for values. And, as Mr. George Moore has explained, the melody of the colour can only be harmonious when the orchestration of the values is scientifically accurate. I want to blot out the green from Mr. Rothenstein's "L'Amateur," but it is a delight to linger over the touch of green in the feather in the hat of Mr. Orpen's "Portrait Study of a Lady," playing its part tenderly but unflinchingly in the colour scheme of the portrait, and, moreover, beautiful in itself.

There I leave the New English Art Club for the present with many good pictures unnoticed. The 129 works vary extraordinarily in intention and method. We may like or dislike individual pictures, but of the sincerity of its members there can be no doubt. And it is that which makes this the most interesting of the Spring exhibitions. It is the business of the critic to state his preferences, and, if possible, to give a reason for them. He keeps locked in his own breast the struggle for the *mot juste*, and he is but human if he feels a little envious of the ease with which artists themselves will shoot their criticism at a neighbour. Here are two instances: The margin of my catalogue was black with the notes I had made about a certain portrait at the New English Art Club, when an eminent painter came along. I asked him what he thought

of the portrait. With head on one side and eyes half shut he looked at it for a long time, and said "Ripping!" The other instance happened on Show Sunday in the studio of a distinguished member of the Royal Academy. Humbly and haltingly I had tried to say what I thought of the pictures and portraits that stood around the studio. I was still floundering when another distinguished painter advanced to make his adieu. I paused to listen and learn. He grasped his host's hand, waved largely round the room, and said, "Stunning!"

C. L. H.

Science.

The Evolution of Civilisation.

PARADOX as it may seem, it is apparently true that primitive man is not further removed from the *pithecanthropus* than is civilised from primitive man. Without the unreflecting nature of the beast, primitive man is less naturally fitted than any of the great carnivora for obtaining his food easily, and hence his life is, for the most part, spent in a struggle, the squalor and sordidness of which can hardly be believed. But even if he have the luck to find himself in one of the very few spots on the earth's surface where vegetable food is both abundant and satisfying, he is a prey to evils which do not, so far as we can see, afflict the beasts. While his only pleasures are, like theirs, the gratification of his passions, and he is, like them, exposed to daily and hourly danger from bodily foes, he is besides tormented by the dread of the malignant spirits whom he believes to lurk in every bush and stone, of the nameless terrors of the dark, and of the malefices of human sorcerers. To such a lot the condition of the lowest of our wage-earners, though perhaps nearly as hopeless, must seem like Paradise; and yet it must have been by some evolutionary process that the wretched savage that we know in, for instance, Central Africa passed into the civilised member of a European state. How this came about is, both in its importance and its difficulty of solution, one of the most interesting problems of modern science.

As might be expected, the number of links missing from this chain of evolution become more numerous the further we get away from our own times. That the whole civilization of Western Europe comes to us by way of the Roman Empire from Ancient Greece, no one now disputes, and I have had occasion to show both here and elsewhere—see particularly the ACADEMY of 3rd December, 1898—that that of Greece was in its turn derived by way of Egypt from Babylonia, where the possession of the wheat-plant and of the date-palm caused a high civilization to take root as early as 8000 B.C. But when we try to get beyond this date all is chaos. The Babylonian civilization did not even claim to be indigenous, but was, according to an ancient legend, brought to a city on the Persian Gulf by mysterious beings half men and half fish, which probably means that it came in ships. But who this seafaring people may have been we have no means even of guessing, nor should we be much further forward if we had. The one thing clear about the story is that civilization is the product of city life, and that neither science, art, letters, nor even any organized form of religion or politics can have sprung into being save in the greater security afforded by the herding together of men and women in defensible places. Never did Cowper's Calvinism lead him further astray than when he gave voice to the foolish aphorism that "God made the country; man made the town." Only in a town is that healthy competition and free exchange of ideas procurable to which we owe all the victories of civilization; and even in our own times the number of towns in a nation's territory gives a rough measure of the state of culture of its inhabitants.

It must be noticed, however, that this eminently "protective" habit of gathering together in towns is one that man shares with several of the lower animals. Beavers, bees, and ants—none of them animals taking a very high place in the evolutionary scale—all live in towns, where the division of labour is as highly organised and some form of government is as plainly apparent as in any human community. But there is this difference between the communities of man and those of the lower animals—that while those of man generally evolve into higher and more complex forms, those of his inferiors keep rigidly to the model on which they were originally founded. The organization of an ant-heap, with its stores of food, its troops of slaves and domestic animals, its lines of sentries and its alarm posts, seems to us a marvel of ingenuity, but it has never, so far as we know, altered one hair's breadth since the first ant-hill was raised. The bees age after age are governed by the same laws, and are, so to speak, the same people to Maeterlinck that they were to Virgil; and the beaver continues to cut down trees, to make dams, and to raise lodges in exactly the same way now that he did at the beginning of the Quaternary Age. The lower animals plainly lack some impulse to progress in such matters that is present in man's brain but not in theirs.

This is of the more importance because it affects our view of the future even more than of the past. We have seen that, as regards the civilization of man, to the question whence? we can return no answer; and it is plain that we are in the same plight if we change the word to whither? For of the nature of the impulse which has sent man spinning down the groove of progress, we are as ignorant as ever we were, and no new discovery seems to throw any light on the subject. Were we living some eighteen centuries ago, we might indeed assert with regard to it that, wherever it came from, it was at least continuous; for, so far as we can tell, the European was continuously progressing in civilization from the introduction of the Babylonian culture up to (say) the time of Marcus Aurelius. But thereafter, as Mr. Benjamin Kidd's *Principles of Western Civilization* comes to remind us, the march of progress, if not turned backwards, was at all events stayed for some fourteen centuries. We need not believe with Mr. Kidd—whose fallacies are sufficiently patent even without the masterly exposure of them by Dr. Beattie Crozier—that the character of our civilization was changed by the introduction of Christianity, but it is evident that its progress in every particular was stayed from somewhere about the time of the philosophic emperor until the Revival of Learning or even the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. It is by no means certain that with this Christianity had anything to do, and it is quite possible that the incessant wars which attended the decline of the Roman Empire, by practically exterminating the only European races then fitted for civilization, may have been the predominant factor in the case. But the fact remains that the progress of civilization was arrested, and the extreme rapidity with which it has resumed its march since seems to point to the cause being other than a racial one. In any case, we have no longer the right, in view of the Dark Ages, to say that the impulse to progress is a continuing force.

Have we, then, any right to hope that the evolution of our civilization is still on the upward path, and that our descendants may find themselves as far superior to us in this respect as we flatter ourselves that we are to the Roman citizen of the time of Marcus? On the material side, probably not; for although science will, for some time to come, continue to make discoveries that the men of the Greco-Roman world neither needed nor would have appreciated, we show no signs at present of producing masterpieces of art like those of Phidias and Praxiteles, or writings which will influence unborn generations as did those of Homer and Plato. But in the direction of social evolution the future seems, to me at least, to be full

of hope. The altruistic impulse—to use a word which describes the phenomenon rather than accounts for it—which has led to the general recognition of the rights of the weak and feeble, has not yet lost its force, and even modern commercialism, unlovely as it is in many of its aspects, seems to acknowledge its power. It is quite true that public gifts are not always the outcome of a striving after righteousness, and a testator who gives away millions that he cannot take with him may be as much actuated by egoistic motives as the "pious founder" who avowedly put his property to the use that he thought might most benefit him in the next world. But, when all is said, gifts like those of Peabody, of Carnegie, and now of Rhodes, are a phenomenon to which there is, so far as I know, no parallel in history, and show the existence of a tendency of public opinion peculiar to our times. That those who have amassed vast wealth not by inheritance but by their own labour should recognize some moral right in the community to share in it seems to me to be a clear advance, and to show that what Mr. Kidd has called the "irresponsible scramble for private gain" has, like most human things, its fairer side.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

Hypnotism in Fiction.

SIR,—Having given some attention to the subject of Hypnotism, I read Mr. Legge's admirable article in the current issue with much interest. Some such disquisition was sadly needed, for, while wishing on behalf of the general reader that he could have found space to indicate the differences which exist both in theory and method between the Salpêtrière and Nancy schools of hypnotism, I can fully endorse his statements respecting the crass ignorance shown by most writers of fiction in dealing with the subject.

As a matter of fact, in all but one of the tales with which I am acquainted and in which hypnotism is mentioned, the most absurd ideas are ventilated in regard to the *modus operandi* usually employed in inducing the hypnotic state, and to the scope of the power of the operator; though, as Mr. Legge points out, an operator is not really necessary, a common revolving lark-trap, such as is used in France, being quite sufficient in the majority of cases to produce the initial stupor which generally leads to the lethargic, and thence to the cataleptic, state.

The single exception I refer to is a novel, which Mr. Legge may not have seen, called *The Mandate*, by T. Baron Russell. The book in question is not essentially a "hypnotic" novel, but it deals with most of the phases of hypnotism, and I noted with pleasure that the author made none of those silly mistakes which are largely responsible for the popular misconceptions on the subject. He treated the matter in a common-sense, reasonable way; and although perhaps he goes a little beyond the boundary of scientific probability, if one may use the phrase, in the implied cause of the death of one of the principal characters, the idea is conveyed to the reader so adroitly that it is in itself an object lesson in the power of "suggestion" so aptly alluded to by Mr. Legge.—Yours, &c. ARTHUR I. DURRANT.

Velasquez.

SIR,—Mr. Anderson's remonstrance is unnecessary. I knew quite well the high place Ruskin gave to Velasquez, and in using the words objected to I meant simply that Ruskin's *demon* possessed his readers so completely that they must see the things he saw and be dominated by his spirit. And the world Ruskin created revolved round Dante and all that Dante saw of Greek art at its growing

point, and the nineteenth-century Renaissance interpreted partially by Turner and Wordsworth.

But Mr. Anderson would confute me by "texts"; be it so, and let him go through Ruskin's thirty or forty volumes, and count up every word praising or analysing Velasquez's art, and he will be surprised at the fact—not in the least surprising to those who have been caught up by Ruskin's passionate utterance—how very short measure "one of the exemplary six" receives.

The truth being that, although Ruskin honoured Velasquez, he was not impassioned by him, and consequently, thanks to Ruskin's magic, many names far below the first six awake in us love and reverence.

My remark comes to this, then, that all artists create in their disciples a warp, a bias—set their thoughts in a definite direction as a loadstone does a heap of iron filings—and so long as the disciple is under this influence he is repelled by all other influences. This attraction and repulsion is, generally speaking, quite independent of the master's thought, and it is the function of criticism to distinguish between these gifts of the spirit.

If I had said, for example, that Dante's influence was inimical to Homer's, would Mr. Anderson confute me by a quotation from Dante, who places Homer even higher than Ruskin placed Velasquez?

"Siam con quel Greco
Che le Muse lattar piu ch'altro mai."
(We are with that Greek whom
more than any other the Muses nourish.)

YOUR REVIEWER.

Browning's Footman Ancestor.

SIR,—Of Browning's four known progenitors the one that takes my fancy most is the first, Robert, the footman and butler to Sir John Banks, of Corfe Castle. He died on November 25th, 1746; and to his eldest son, Thomas, on October 29th, 1760, was granted a lease for life of the little inn in the little hamlet of East Woodyates, and parish of Pentridge, nine miles south-west of Salisbury, on the road to Exeter. His eldest son, Robert, got into the Bank of England—no doubt by the influence of his landlord, Lord Shaftesbury—did fairly well there, and placed his only son by his first wife, the poet's father, in the bank too.

The village publican does not appeal to me. I put down to the first bank clerk the purchase from an heraldic seal-engraver for a couple of guineas—the advertised charge in former days—of that charm coat-of-arms which was afterwards flaunted so largely on his descendant's gondoliers' arms in Venice. And the second bank clerk's scrape with Cockburn's discarded mistress prevents one from having much sympathy with him. But the first ancestor, the footman and butler of Sir John Banks, I picture as one of those "faithful servants" whom Mr. Arthur J. Munby pictures and praises so highly in his interesting volume of 1891, a class to which almost every family in the realm has owed, and owes, so much of its comfort and content—a class which has given us Charles Lamb, and no doubt many another honoured name. At any rate, the first-known founder of the poet Robert Browning's family was the butler and footman of Sir John Banks, as I proved in my paper on "Robert Browning's Ancestors" in Part XII. of the *Browning Society's Papers*, 1890, p. 26-45, putting a summary of their succession on p. 44 and the full pedigree on p. 45.

This being the case, I was surprised on taking up vol. I. of the *Dictionary of National Biography: Supplement*, vol. I., the other day, to find my favourite Browning ancestor, the footman, burked by Mr. Edmund Gosse in the following paragraph:—

The stock has been traced no further back than to the early part of the eighteenth century, when the poet's

maternal great-grandfather owned the Woodgates Inn in the parish of Partridge in Dorset.

Against this deliberate suppression of the real founder of the family, the footman-butler, who was the father of the above-named owner, that is, lessee of Woodgates Inn, I protest, as well as against the misleading entry in Mr. Gosse's list of authorities:—

The Browning Society's *Papers*, 1881-4, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, contain certain data of a biographical kind,

when the real additional entry needed to help readers revive the butler burked by Mr. Gosse were:—

The Browning Society's *Papers*, Part XII., 1890, p. 26-45, contains the only authentic details of the early Browning family.

From this source alone could Mr. Gosse have got the before-named inn-lessee.

The facts of the case were well known at the *Dictionary* office; the late George Smith had his little joke about them with a friend of mine, and the suppression of the worthy footman should not have been allowed. For if this kind of thing is connived at in one case, for the sake of the contemptible vanity of successors, readers cannot help asking in how many other cases it has gone on, and unjust suspicion will be aroused.

That Mr. Gosse makes Penntridge parish "Partridge" and Woodyates Inn "Woodgates" will not surprise any readers of Mr. Churton Collins's reviews of him. The many other mistakes in his article will be set right by Professor Hall Griffin in his forthcoming *Life of Browning*, at which he has been working with rare devotion for many years. It will interest Browning students to know that the poet's relation to the Browning Society was closer than is stated by Mr. Gosse. Its *Papers* contain several passages from his pen, though not with his name, explaining difficulties and allusions which members or correspondents sent or put to me, and to which Browning wrote me answers, with leave to print them, but not to mention him.

One other point I should notice. Mr. Gosse says:—

A claim has been made for the authorship by Browning of John Forster's *Life of Stratford*, originally published in 1836; and this book was rashly reprinted by the Browning Society in 1892 as *Robert Browning's Prose Life of Stratford*. . . . It is possible that Forster may have received some help from Browning in the preparation of the book, but it was certainly written by Forster.

The innocent reader would not gather from this that the above claim was deliberately made on three separate occasions to me by Browning himself (I think he meant me to act on it); that he made the same claim in writing to another friend; and that the best judge then in England, Professor S. Rawson Gardiner, saw the writing, and declared his belief that the book was substantially Browning's. In consequence of this, we reprinted the book as Browning's, stating the facts, so that every reader could judge for himself, and getting an Introduction for it from Professor Firth, who, if not Gardiner's equal, was second only to him. Had we known that Mr. Gosse thought and said that the book "was certainly Browning's," we should have said "Oh, indeed!" and reprinted it all the same.

Dodsley, the poetaster, dramatist, and publisher, was once a footman. Can any reader of this letter give me instances of persons of note, besides Charles Lamb and Robert Browning, who were descended from household servants? Will anyone subscribe to put up a brass to the footman founder of the Browning family in Pentridge Church?

3, St. George's Square, N.W.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

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We have to thank no fewer than 114 readers for engaging in this competition. The work of judging has been correspondingly difficult, especially as the great majority of the renderings before us have, necessarily, differed only in fine points. We award the prize to Mr. W. M. L. Hutchinson, River House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, for the following:—

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Come, ye that pass away, for He endures.

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And ye who suffer, come, for He can cure,
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Come, ye who pass, to Him, Who doth endure.
[J. S. F., Acton.]

Come to this God, ye mourners; He has tears.
Come to Him, ye who suffer; for He cures.
Ye anxious, come; His smile will soothe your fears.
Come to Him, ye who perish; He endures.
[P. C. P., Bromley.]

All ye that weep, on a God who weeps, may gaze.
All ye that suffer, come to Him; He cures.
All ye that tremble, come; His smile assures.
All ye that pass and perish, come; He stays.
[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

Come, mourners, to this God, who mourneth ever.
Come, wounded hearts, and find in Him your balm.
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Come, all that pass Him by: He passeth never.
[M. A. W., London.]

Competition No. 133 (New Series).

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So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.
So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.
His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

* * * * *
Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The two supplementary stanzas should supply the name of Gilpin's steed, and as much of his biography as can be compassed. The usual prize of One Guinea will be awarded.

RULES.

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